

# THE LIVING AGE.

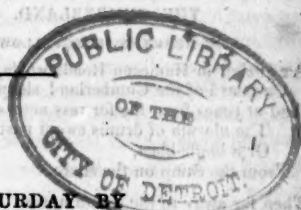
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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL, SON, & CO., BOSTON.

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The Rev. J. Starr King sends from California, to the *Transcript*, the following verses upon the contribution from that State to the hospitals.

#### CALIFORNIA PRIVILEGE.

Not ours, where battle smoke upcurls;  
And battle dews lie wet,  
To meet the charge that treason hurls  
By sword and bayonet.

Not ours to guide the fatal scythe,  
The fleshless reaper wilds;  
The harvest moon looks calmly down  
Upon our peaceful fields.

The long grass dimples on the hill,  
The pines sing by the sea,  
And Plenty from her golden horn  
Is pouring far and free.

O brothers, by the further sea,  
Think still our faith is warm;  
The same bright flag above us waves  
That swathed our baby form.

The same red blood that dyes your fields  
Here throbs in patriot pride;  
The blood that flowed when Lander fell  
And Baker's crimson tide.

And thus apart our hearts keep time  
With every pulse ye feel,  
And Mercy's ringing gold shall chime  
With Valor's clashing steel.

F. B. HASTE.

#### THE CUMBERLAND.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,  
On board of the Cumberland sloop-of-war;  
And at times from the fortress across the bay  
The alarm of drums swept past,  
Or a bugle-blast,  
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the South uprose  
A little feather of snow-white smoke,  
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes  
Was steadily steering its course  
To try the force  
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,  
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;  
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,  
And leaps the terrible death,  
With fiery breath,  
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight  
Defiance back in a full broadside!  
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,  
Rebounds our heavier hail  
From each iron scale  
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,  
In his arrogant old plantation strain,  
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;

"It is better to sink than to yield!"  
And the whole air pealed  
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,  
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!  
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,  
With a sudden shudder of death,  
And the cannon's breath  
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,  
Still floated our flag at the mainmast-head.  
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!  
Every waft of the air  
Was a whisper of prayer,  
Or a dirge for the dead.

O brave hearts that went down in the seas!  
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream,  
Ho, brave land! with hearts like these,  
Thy flag that is rent in twain,  
Shall be one again,  
And without a seam!

—Atlantic Monthly.

#### THE LASS OF THE PAMUNKY.

YOUR "glens" and "groves" I ne'er admired,  
And oh, your "broom" and "birks" they  
pall so!

Of Burn-sides (all but one) I'm tired,  
And of your "bonny lasses" also.  
The man that sings the "Banks of Doon,"  
And braces—I hold him but a donkey;  
My heart beats to another tune,  
And that's the Banks of the Pamunky.

For that famed "Lass of Pattie's Mill"  
I wouldn't give one nickel penny;  
Of "Nannies" we've quite had our fill,  
Of "Peggies" and of "Jessies" many.  
Ditto the "Lass of Ballochmyle,"  
All set so tediously to one key:  
Suppose we try a different style,  
And sing the Lass of the Pamunky!

Then sing no more the "Banks of Cree,"  
Or "Aftons," green and softly rounded,  
But sing the steamer on the P——,  
Where they took me when I was wounded.  
And sing the maiden kind and true,  
Trim, handy, quiet, sweet, and spunky,  
That nursed me, and made no ado,  
When I lay sick on the Pamunky.

Fair hands! but not too nice or coy  
To soothe my pangs with service tender;  
Soft eyes! that watched a wasted boy,  
All loving as your land's defender!  
Oh, I was then a wretched shade,  
But now I'm strong, and growing chunky,  
So, Forward! but God bless the maid  
That saved my life on the Pamunky.  
—Daily Advertiser.

F. J. C.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## ALL IN THE WRONG;

## OR, THE TAMER TAMED.

## A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL.

## CHAPTER I.

THE old gray manor-house had nestled down to dreamless slumber in the hollow of the hills: the rooks in the tall elms behind it had at last settled into silence. But the young mistress of the manor still flitted to and fro on the terrace, slowly and with soft footfall, never hastening, never pausing; not conscious that the light had faded and the dew was falling. There was light enough for the dreaming of such dreams as hers, enough of the warmth of hope and young life in her heart to resist a far graver chill than any that was to be feared from the tepid air of the summer night.

Presently a lattice creaked on its hinges, and a voice from the many-casemented west window asked,—

"Clare, are you out there still? Pray, come in, my dear—you will take cold; and there is a letter for you."

"A letter!—from Allan?"

"No; from Mr. Stanner."

Having heard this, Miss Watermeyr seemed in no haste to obey the summons. For some minutes she leant over the terrace balustrade, breathing the perfume which rose like incense from the great bed of valley lilies under the wall. In the porch she paused again—the honeysuckles seemed so peculiarly, so bewilderingly sweet to-night, as if reminding her of past joy, and prophesying to her of joy to be. So it appeared at first; but she paused too long, till her heart seemed suddenly to sink within her. Perhaps some unrecognized instinct warned her that, passing into the house to-night, she passed over one of those boundary-lines of life which we cross unconsciously, and only perceive when we look back upon them from a distance.

"You are shutting out the twilight early, are you not, auntie?" she asked, entering the drawing-room, and finding that the lamp had been brought in, and that a servant was letting fall the curtains.

"Auntie"—a placid-looking old lady, dressed with somewhat of the quaint gravity of old ladies of an olden time, which made her look peculiarly in keeping with the large,

low, oak-wainscoted and oak-raftered room—smiled.

"Your thoughts must have been pleasant to-night, Clare: it is very late; for the last hour I have not been able to see to do even my coarse knitting."

"My thoughts have been pleasant, auntie," Clare said, softly, seating herself, as the servant left the room, on a low stool at the old lady's feet. "I have been thinking of Allan—of how sweet it will be to have him home again at last. I have been very happy with only you, auntie, but still I do feel lonely sometimes, and it is so long that he has been away."

"Very long, my dear; I hope that you may never be separated again—never left with 'only auntie' any more."

"I do not know that I shall wish that."

Clare's color had risen; she spoke proudly as she added, "I do not wish anything to be considered as settled; we were so young then."

Mrs. Andrews was silent for some time; when she spoke, it was with some considerable show of embarrassment.

"I am not apt to croak, dear Clare, or to be a bird of ill omen, but I feel as if I ought to warn you that you must not expect all will go smoothly: I mean I would have you prepared to endure some things that will seem hard at first—very hard, if you meet them in a proud spirit. You have been good and gentle to me always; still, my dear, you are too proud: you have a more obstinate will than is beautiful in a woman, or consistent with a woman's happiness. I wish to warn you against it—to put you on your guard. A woman must learn to submit before she can be what she should be—before she can be happy."

"Dear auntie, what is all this about? What have I done? What am I going to be done to? Will Allan come home a tyrant? Am I to learn to submit to his will? He used to hate me will but mine." In spite of her light tone, Clare's heart sank.

"Your father was a tyrant, my dear." Mrs. Andrews spoke in a suppressed voice, glancing round the room, as if conscious of the treasonableness of her words. "He did not approve of any amount of liberty for women; he was my poor sister's jailer rather than her husband; his jealousy during the last years of her life, which were the

last of his too, amounted to something bordering on insanity. I have always thought it unlikely that, with his opinion of women, he should have left you free, and an heiress; and, my dear, you are of age to-morrow."

Clare took the letter from where it had been lying on the table, disregarded till now.

"You think I shall find that I am, without my own consent, disposed of?" she said. "This letter, perhaps, is to tell me of my destination, my fate. Mr. Stanner generally writes if he has anything disagreeable to say: he is afraid of me, I think."

"As I should be, my dear, if you often spoke to me in that tone, or looked at me as you have been looking at that inoffensive paper."

Clare did not smile, or let her features relax; she had opened the letter.

"A short respite," she said, harshly. "My guardian only writes to say that he is coming to speak to me on business of importance to-morrow, and shall probably do himself the pleasure of spending a few weeks here."

"They are going to spoil all my pleasure in seeing Allan again," she muttered, when she was alone in her own room. "Mr. Stanner is coming to help auntie play property: we shall be watched, our actions observed, and feelings speculated upon. Perhaps I shall dislike Allan now; I shall, if he seems sure of success—thinks I am to be won without wooing—that I am already won. Mr. Stanner might have waited for an invitation here; it is not much use to be mistress, if he comes when and for as long as he pleases."

The girlish softness and sweetness had passed from Miss Watermeyr's face: reflected in the glass she saw that of a woman who would have been beautiful had she been less proud.

## CHAPTER II.

CLARE woke next morning with a sense of something impending: she did not know what she dreaded, but a gloom was over everything, a weight upon her usually light elastic spirits.

Mr. Stanner, who lived at no great distance, arrived early; but he seemed rather to shun than to seek opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* with Clare: being both kind-hearted and timid, he was at once fond of his ward and afraid of her. On her part she did not

return his affection, and held him more in contempt than in awe. She had always been able to wind him round her finger in such unimportant matters as there had been question of between them, and she was not herself enough truly womanly to feel, nor had she experience enough of life to know, that a gentle-hearted man, easily swayed by a woman's wish or will in trifles, may yet show himself to be inflexible when need is. Mr. Stanner was, perhaps, hardly able to teach Clare this lesson—yet it was a lesson it would be well that she should learn.

It was Clare who at last broke the silence, which she felt to be ominous and oppressive, saying after dinner, when Mr. Stanner had joined her and Mrs. Andrews in the drawing-room, "If you have business to talk to me about, shall we go into the library now, while Mrs. Andrews takes her nap?"

"If you please, but there is really no hurry."

Clare stood expectant, so Mr. Stanner had no alternative but to rise from the soft depths of a luxurious chair into which he had just sunk with a sigh of content, and follow her from the room.

"It is very warm this afternoon—very warm, upon my word!"

Thus Mr. Stanner broke the silence which had ensued when he and Clare were seated; he drew out his handkerchief, passed it across his forehead, and glanced furtively at his fair ward as he repeated his assertion.

"I feel it is something unpleasant that you have to tell me," Clare said. "You need not be afraid to speak; no doubt I shall be able to bear what you may have to communicate."

"Unpleasant!" oh, by no means—at least, not necessarily so. "Afraid to speak!" why should I be, my dear young lady? You have no deadly weapon concealed among the amplitude of that light and pretty dress, in which you look so charming."

"If you begin to pay me compliments, I shall be quite sure that something disagreeable is to follow them."

"To come to the point at once, then: You are aware that Mr. Allan Watermeyr, your father's half-brother's son, whom, for brevity, we will call your cousin, is expected home from abroad in a few days."

"As my cousin has himself written to me to this effect, I certainly am aware of it."



Clare's color had risen at the first mention of her cousin's name; but Mr. Stanner studiously avoided looking at her. As he continued, he became more and completely absorbed in the contemplation of some speck or flaw on one of his carefully tended fingernails.

"Every step I take in this matter I am obliged to take without exercising my own judgment. Every step has been planned for me. Your father left me the most minute directions: compliance with some of his instructions is a *painful* duty. Unhappily, your father believed that he had cause to entertain but a low opinion of your sex. From his point of view, his conduct was, perhaps, right and wise; from other points of view, I do not hesitate to say that it seems to me foolish—nay, extravagant and mischievous in the extreme. But, my dear young lady, much, if not everything, rests with yourself: if you can subdue your pride and control your somewhat high temper, let events take the course they would easily and naturally have taken had you, as I could have desired, remained in ignorance of what I am compelled to communicate to you: if you will adopt this womanly and becoming line of conduct, all will yet go well."

"Perhaps for 'womanly and becoming' I might substitute spiritless and abject," interposed Clare; "but pray go on—let me hear the worst at once."

"If you will bear in your mind your father's lamentable and mistaken views, you will be less unprepared for my communication. It was your father's desire, that when you and Mr. Allan Watermeyr had respectively arrived at a suitable age, you should—according to his way of expressing himself—enter purgatory together: he had many reasons for wishing that you should be united. You know that, during the last years of his life, his friends had cause to fear that his mind was somewhat affected—what was sense, and what insanity, it was not always easy to say. He talked sometimes of having played Jacob's part—cheated Esau (Mr. Allan's father) of his birthright; then he would say, 'A marriage between his boy and my girl will make reparation, especially if she turns out like her mother.' I have heard him say that a hundred times, always with the same smile—a smile that struck me

as sinister—repeating the last phrase again and again, and——"

"Spare me all humiliating details," Clare said, impatiently. She had sat looking out on the sloping lawns, down which the sunshine seemed pouring to the river, quite still, but with an ever-deepening crimson on her fair face, and a threatening brightness flashing from her eyes.

"As the mutual attachment existing between you and Mr. Watermeyr is no secret——"

"A boy-and-girl affair, which either of us, or both of us, may now wish forgotten," interrupted Clare.

"I need not imagine that anything I have yet said need be classed in the category of unpleasant communications." Mr. Stanner had not heeded Clare's interruption, except to pause while she spoke, and then proceed as if she had not yet spoken. "It is the way which your father took to insure the fulfilment of his wishes, which, in accordance as it is with his low opinion of your sex, may naturally be somewhat distasteful to you, my dear young lady. Let me beg you to be wise and patient; let me assure you that no rash revolt can show so truly noble a spirit, so true a dignity, as a quiet disregard of——"

"Mr. Stanner, Mr. Stanner, *do* come to the point!" Clare broke in, with a tone of feverish impatience.

"When you are twenty-two, then, in one year from to-day, all that is now yours is to be Mr. Watermeyr's—only yours as his wife."

"I am to be dependent on marriage with him for a subsistence! I expected injustice, injury, insult, but nothing so intolerable!"

"Look at it from a right point of view, and it is not so bad, my dear. A wife is naturally dependent upon a husband: as I said before, your mutual attachment is no secret; if events take their natural course——"

"Spare me this twaddle——Forgive me that uncourteous expression. Is there more to hear regarding my father's will?"

"Only this"—Mr. Stanner's face had flushed angrily—"if you marry any one but your cousin, you forfeit everything; if you choose to remain single, a small pittance and the West-End Cottage will be yours—"

a mean and miserable provision, of which, however, there is no fear that you will need to avail yourself."

"One question, Mr. Stanner; does Mr. Watermeyr know what you have told me?" Asking this, Clare challenged and met her guardian's glance.

"He does. He was extremely pained and indignant. If there is any way of evading the will—if it is possible to settle the property on you unconditionally—he is determined it shall be done. He entreated that at least you might remain in ignorance of your position. I would willingly have had it so; but I am not a free agent."

Clare was looking out again—down the sunny lawn to the river—all her color had faded now. Mr. Stanner rose. The girl's fair face looked so stony that he felt as if to address her would have been like addressing a statue. She did not move or speak, and he left her to her own thoughts—not sorry to escape from her near neighborhood, for the atmosphere around her seemed dangerous. It took Clare some time even to realize her position. She loved the old house; she loved every lawn, shrubbery, every field, tree, dell, and dingle of the manor; she loved it as the kingdom where she reigned supreme—where she had believed she should always reign. She loved it as the only home she had ever known—as the place where she had been born—where her mother had lived and died. If a selfish love, it was still a more passionate love than any other she had known. She believed that she had loved Allan, not perhaps with "the love of men and women when they love the best," but with a love that with her had passed for that love. In all her dreams regarding her future he played a part, a secondary part—a prince-consort's part, perhaps. She was the queen, the lady of the manor; he her first retainer, her serviceable and chivalrous knight—one whom she delighted to honor, whom she enriched with her favors—and now—

The sunshine had left the lawn, the twilight had faded from it before Clare moved; when she did, it was to shut herself into her own room, not to appear again that night. Mrs. Andrews could not gain admission: Clare, from within, would only say, "Not to-night, auntie; I cannot bear to be spoken to to-night."

#### CHAPTER III.

NEITHER to Mr. Stanner nor to Mrs. Andrews did Clare speak on the subject that of course engrossed her thoughts. She kept much apart; unwonted whiteness on her cheeks, and dark circles, that told of sleepless nights, surrounding her eyes.

A few days after her conversation with her guardian, she heard from her cousin. When she had read his brief note, she passed it to her companions. It was very brief—only this:—

"DEAREST CLARE,—I hope to follow this letter in a few hours. How much is contained in those poor words! With me I shall venture to bring my dear old friend, John Smith, trusting that, for his own sake, he may be welcome—for mine, not otherwise. Now, in this haste, I dare not allow myself to say more than that I am yours,

"ALLAN WATERMEYR."

Having read this note, Clare took no more heed of it, though she had been wont to keep and garner up carefully every line her cousin wrote to her. Mrs. Andrews replaced it in its cover, and laid it beside Clare's plate; but Clare left the breakfast-table without again looking at or touching it.

"Which rooms shall I give your cousin and his friend?" Mrs. Andrews asked, following Clare into the conservatory. This conservatory opened from the breakfast-room: through it you could reach Clare's special retreat, her favorite sitting-room, or could step out upon the terrace.

It was a pretty place; its many light and graceful pillars, garlanded with blossoming creepers, gave it a fairy-like look; it had been built at Clare's wish from a plan Allan had drawn for her. Filling up a recess in the south front of the house, it was doubtless an incongruous addition to the gray and grave solidity of the original architecture; yet very few people would have wished it away.

"I have no authority in this house. Give them what rooms you please," was Clare's sullen answer.

"That is foolish, my dear. For twelve months yet to come you are mistress here. It is foolish to say you have no authority."

"Do you think I will stay meekly till my term expires?—to be turned out at the end of it? Mr. Watermeyr may be master at

once—means to be master at once: without my permission he brings a friend; let him invite a dozen if he pleases, it will make no difference to me. I will find a home somewhere else. I will leave this place at once; I will not meet him."

Clare leant her head against one of the gay garlanded pillars, and burst into passionate tears; it was the first time that she had alluded to her new knowledge.

"Order everything as you think best," she said, when she could speak, and moved away. But brave little Mrs. Andrews followed her to her room, sat down before her, scolded her first, comforted her afterwards; laid thorough siege to her, would not be repelled or silenced. Clare's reserve yielded—the waters of bitterness gushed out; her grief and her indignation found words to which Mrs. Andrews listened with patient sympathy.

"I say again, my dear, that a wicked man (I must call things by their right names) has done wickedly and cruelly. You are placed in a painful position, no doubt, but it might have been much worse. I say again, there is but one course for you to take: put this knowledge aside, and act according to the instincts of your heart. Why should you revenge upon Mr. Watermeyr, the sincerity of whose love you have never doubted, and whom you loved before you knew of this, the wrong your father did you? Indeed, my poor Clare, you are too proud. A woman should delight to owe all to a man she loves. She gives him all he wants in giving him herself; between a husband and wife there should be no mine and thine. Indeed, of all women I have always pitied heiresses. I am half inclined to congratulate you instead of to condole with you, my dear."

"Suppose, however," said Clare, softly and shyly, "that I find I do not love Mr. Watermeyr. And then suppose he no longer loves me, but from pity, and from motives of generosity, feels bound to marry me. And suppose—oh, a thousand things may be true that would make my position intolerable. It is intolerable. It might not be to all women, but it is to me. Oh, it is no use talking, auntie, preaching meekness and patience—no use, no use."

Still auntie's preaching had been of some use; the outbreak had done Clare good. She did not submit, but she submitted to

wait—to meet her cousin, and mature her plans.

It was late in the day when the travellers arrived. Clare was the first to hear carriage-wheels upon the drive that swept up to the west wing of the house: she sat still, and gave no sign; but presently her guardian's duller ears were aware of this same sound. He rose and offered one arm to Clare, one to Mrs. Andrews, saying,—

"We shall be just in time to receive Mr. Watermeyr at the hall-door."

Clare had not meant to receive Mr. Watermeyr at the hall-door—had not meant to go one step to meet him; she had made up her mind to await him where she was. Mr. Stanner waited before her; she hesitated a moment, and then yielded.

Mr. Watermeyr was just springing up the steps. Mr. Stanner drew Clare forward to meet him, at the same time removing her hand from his own arm. Clare offered it to her cousin mechanically. Claspings it in both his, Mr. Watermeyr bent his head towards her.

Clare drew back haughtily. "We are not children now," she said.

As she saw the handsome and sensitive face, which had looked so happy, eager, and loving, cloud over, she felt a triumphant sense of power, and was almost generous enough to regret the having used it. Gentler words—words of an at least ordinarily kind welcome—were on her lips, when she met the glance of a pair of keen eyes—the eyes of Mr. Watermeyr's friend, who stood behind him (as Clare thought), like Mephistopheles behind a young and fair-faced Faust—fixed on her with an uncompromising, it seemed to her hostile, scrutiny. Mr. Stanner's cordial greeting made the coldness of Clare's more conspicuous. She felt this—felt herself in the wrong—assured herself it was that man's fault. Her manner, when Mr. Smith was presented to her, was certainly not conciliatory.

Clare went to her own room that night very thoroughly, very wholesomely, dissatisfied with herself. The cloud of pain had not cleared off her cousin's brow; she felt that she had rudely dashed all joyousness from his home-coming. She thought over their relation to each other in years gone by—how chivalrous his devotion had always been—how unvarying his gentle patience, even

when he was quite a boy. She repented of her harshness, resolved to try and atone for it, determined to meet him to-morrow in quite a different spirit. But on that day, as on the evening before, Allan's friend, consciously or unconsciously, acted as the evil genius of both Allan and Clare.

Clare avoided all chances of being alone with Mr. Watermeyr, and if, when they were together, she forgot the present position of affairs, and remembering only how things had been, spoke to him with anything of warmth in her tone, or looked at him with anything of softness in her eyes, she immediately became conscious of Mr. Smith's observance, and felt or fancied something sarcastic in the expression of his face as he watched her; something which, reminding her of all she had for a moment forgotten, froze her back into guarded formality.

#### CHAPTER IV.

ALLAN and his friend were alone in the breakfast-room one morning discussing plans for the day, after the rest of the party had left it. Allan was leaning against the wall close to the conservatory door, but with his back turned to the conservatory; his friend, pacing the room with a sharp, jerky step, betraying an excessive irritability either of mood or of temperament, stopped before him now and again.

"Miss Watermeyr refuses to go on the water with us?" he asked.

"She thinks it will be too hot."

"With such a breeze, and a cloudy sky! Stuff! I wonder a lady of her talent could not invent a more veritable seeming invincibility; but she did not care to trouble herself to do so, that is the insolence of it—the intolerable insolence of it." The last words were spoken too low to be heard by Allan, who was absorbed in his own thoughts.

Making one of his abrupt pauses before Allan, putting his tawny face close to his, and his hands on his shoulders, Mr. Smith said,—

"I am afraid, my poor boy, you do not speed in your wooing."

"If at all, with a very ill speed," Allan answered, looking up into the dark face with one of his peculiar smiles, womanishly tender and melancholy for so resolutely moulded a mouth.

"I have no experience of the malady from

which you suffer," John Smith said: "I love you, my boy, more than I have loved any woman—more than I could love any woman; still I am obliged to believe in the existence of that malady. Men were created a little lower than the angels; it is the temporary subjection to an inferior being (which seems for most men, thank Heaven, not for all, to be a phase nature ordains that they should pass through) which keeps them lower. I think I can give no stronger proof of my love for you than by waiting to see the issue of your malady, in spite of the hospitable reception—the most hospitable entertainment—of my gracious hostess."

"Clare's position is a most cruel one. If she has not been perfectly courteous to you, John, you certainly have not been conciliatory in manner to her; you started with a harsh pre-judgment."

"Founded only on my conviction that no woman lives worthy to be worshipped as you worship your cousin—that she being, by your own admission, proud, was specially unworthy. As to her manner towards me, that is nothing; I am too ineffably gifted with self-esteem to be troubled or ruffled by a girl's small insolences."

"If you can be lenient in your judgment of a woman, be so of Clare; or rather, do not judge her at all. There is no need you should, and you see her under the most unfavorable circumstances."

"Oh, I will be most lenient—pay her back courtesy for scorn. But if she is going to play the shrew to you, I shall be sorely tempted to play Petruchio to her."

"John!"—there was a dangerous light in Allan's eyes as he spoke—"if we are to continue friends, this must be a closed subject. I cannot bear it touched as you touch it."

"I understand; I can be silent and patient with my sick boy. But I must stand by and watch the game for you."

Mr. Smith's eyes at this moment wandered from Allan's face to the shrubs and flowers behind it. A mischievous gleam came into them as they lighted on something from which they were quickly averted. Speaking a little more loudly than he had spoken before, and with elaborate distinctness, he said,—

"I must just observe this before I let the subject drop. I have always thought that women have a wondrous power of tyrannous



insolence; but I do think that Miss Clare Watermeyr is in this way supremely gifted. I—but I know that I only harass you by my snarling and carping—I have no wish to do that; your fair cousin is a sufficient irritant. Come, let us go on the river. What is the matter, my dear fellow?"

At a slight noise behind him Allan had turned sharply round. The door at the other end of the conservatory shut softly as he did so; his eyes fell upon a garden-glove and a freshly gathered rose dropped midway between that door and the one opening on the terrace.

Allan turned upon Smith fiercely. "You raised your voice on purpose—you saw her there! Do you call that manly? It was cowardly to strike at a woman so; cowardly, I say, and cruel and treacherous."

Mr. Smith looked steadily into the young man's agitated face: there was a reddish glow in his eyes, otherwise his own face said little, his tongue nothing. His silence was well calculated. After a few moments—after a few turns up and down the room—Allan came up to him.

"Possibly," he said, "you believe that such words as those you have just spoken serve my interests. You mean well towards me, at least."

"I do believe so," Smith answered, "and therefore I am not penitent."

"I can only repeat," Allan rejoined, "that if we are to continue friends, this subject must be avoided, and such conduct as yours to-day not repeated."

"We are to continue friends," Mr. Smith said, evasively. "Now let us work off our wrath and vexation of spirit in the best possible way, by making that model of a boat of yours fly up to Willow Creek in no time."

"First I must have a few words with Mr. Stanner. If you like to stroll down to the river, I will follow you in five or ten minutes."

"Good!"

Before he went towards the river, Mr. Smith entered the conservatory, walked straight to where lay the glove and rose, and picked them up. He did not know exactly what he would do with them—whether he would send them to Miss Watermeyr by her maid, or return them to her himself, or replace them where he had found them. He stood meditating, with a sardonic smile

twitching the corners of his mouth as he looked at the small glove.

He was thinking, perhaps, how strange a state a man must be in when he so loved and revered a woman, that anything she had touched or worn was for him dear and sacred. "To kiss a glove for instance," he said, "it must be a curious ceremony; let me rehearse it."

He had just raised her glove to his lips when Clare came into the conservatory. She had heard her cousin inquiring for Mr. Stanner, and expected that the breakfast-room was now empty; she wished to recover her glove before it should have been observed; her cousin had perhaps meant to possess himself of it when the cynic was out of the way.

"I believe this is what you look for, Miss Watermeyr—the glove you dropped a few minutes since. I was just acting as Allan's representative, and at the same time making an experiment on my own account as to how a man can feel when he practises such foolery as this."

Again he raised the glove to his lips; the action was performed with well-counterfeited fervor, with inimitable though mocking grace. After it, with the same air, he fastened the rose in his button-hole.

Clare turned pale—only with anger, she believed; but a curious thrill of fear passed through her, meeting the eyes fixed full on her as Mr. Smith offered her her glove. She would have liked to refuse it, desecrated, contaminated as it was, but she did not dare; so she took it, bowed without speaking, and returned to her room.

Very often, in the course of the morning, her fair brows knitted themselves involuntarily as she recalled that little scene. She had been mocked and baffled, and had been quite passive. For this and other injuries Clare desired revenge.

"Who is this Mr. Smith, auntie? I know he has been Allan's friend for a long time; but where did Allan pick him up at first?" she asked Mrs. Andrews, the first time she was alone with her.

"Indeed, my dear, I cannot tell much about him. There seems a very strong attachment between him and your cousin. Mr. Smith saved Allan's life once, when he would otherwise have been drowned, and he has been useful to Allan in many ways: he is poor, I



believe, and of no family—fills some situation at one of the foreign universities, you know, and is only in England during the vacation.”

#### CHAPTER V.

CLARE, desiring to avenge herself, began to observe and measure her adversary. If women give themselves to the pursuit of revenge, not being strong, they perhaps must needs be treacherous. Clare did desire revenge, and only one way of obtaining it seemed open to her. Of that way Prudence said, “It is dangerous;” Conscience, “It is wrong;” but Pride declared, “You are safe.”

Her resolve was taken one morning, as from the breakfast-room window she scrutinized her enemy. Mr. Smith was lounging on the terrace, hatless, in the full blaze of the morning sun. In his attitudes there was something of listless southern grace when he was in repose, as there was much of sudden southern fire when he was roused. His head, with its northern massiveness, looked somewhat too large for the slight and peculiarly flexible figure; his features, though small, had something of coarseness in their moulding—looked as if they had been worn down by constant friction, rather than at first delicately chiselled: the mouth would have been undeniably fine, almost grand, had it not worn a look of habitual compression. If for a moment this mouth took an unconscious and tender curve, if the lips uttered a noble or generous sentiment, and forgot for a moment to follow it by a sneer—if at the same time the shaggy brows for a moment raised themselves sufficiently to let sunshine from within or without illumine the eyes beneath—eyes resembling a Highland tarn in depth and color—then, for that moment, an ordinary woman would hardly have denied that Mr. Smith had a face, if not handsome or beautiful, attractive to an unusual degree. I say an ordinary woman, because at such times it was a face of the type most dangerous to such women as, of neither the highest nor the lowest order of moral or spiritual development, go to form the mass of womankind. In it there was a suggestion of possible lawlessness and tyranny, which, while it would have repelled a nature of the highest order, through being out of harmony with its knowledge and love of true beauty, would have inspired one of the lowest with unmitigated

fear, because such a nature could have no perception of the redeeming qualities which might render innocuous those it did perceive.

Clare, noticing for the first time that the uncared-for locks on which the blaze of sunlight fell were pretty freely sprinkled with gray, was wondering how this came about, what Mr. Smith's age could be, when suddenly he rose and came to the window at which she stood, the purpose and directness with which he did so showing that he had been quite aware of her observance. This annoyed Clare, and she felt at once placed her in the worse position.

“Good-morning, Miss Watermeyr—a beautiful morning. I have, as you have seen, been enjoying the warmth—sunning myself as your peacock is doing. I suppose, as we are at hostile powers, we are privileged the one to take the measure of the other. I have allowed you to exercise this privilege uninterruptedly for some time.” It was more the manner than the words themselves that were offensive to Clare, and something in the direct, unflinching glance that accompanied them, made her shrink from entering upon any engagement of looks or words.

She retreated a few paces from the window as she answered, “Are we hostile powers, Mr. Smith? I am unaware either that this is the case, or why it should be so.” Her tone was wonderfully gentle, yet it seemed to have no softening influence.

“You use a woman's privilege, Miss Watermeyr—you must ask me what privilege, or I dare not name it.”

“Consider the question asked,” Clare said, making an attempt to give a light, bantering tone to the conversation. But Mr. Smith chose to remain immovably grave, and to speak with harsh severity of tone.

“I consider that you consider (meaning not Miss Watermeyr in particular, of course, but women in general) that to lie is the privilege of your sex. Men and women always meet on unequal terms: from men is exacted the strictest truth and honor, while the law of long use allows to women the weapons of cunning and falsehood.” Clare felt that she flushed in an almost intolerable way, partly from anger, partly from a sense of detected guilt. Mr. Smith marked his advantage, and continued, “Then, again, a woman may with impunity treat a man with the most de-

liberate insolence, even under circumstances that make it doubly hard for him to endure it—when, for instance, their relations are those of hostess and guest; but any deviation from courtesy, ordinary and extraordinary, on the part of the man, is considered a crime against all the most sacred superstitions of man the individual, and of that curious compound of amalgamated mankind known as society.”

“You, at least, are free from such sacred superstitions!” cried Clare, in uncontrollable passion.

“True! I am at daggers-drawn with superstition, and wage war against these empty conventionalities.”

“Sir! I do not think you will find it possible to carry on such a warfare under this roof.”

“Madam! how am I to understand you?” Mr. Smith scowled at Clare formidably from under his brows as he asked the question.

“In any way you please, sir,” she answered, too angry to be intimidated.

Mr. Smith bowed profoundly. Clare swept away.

Poor Clare! yet she deserved no pity.

Mr. Smith wrote a letter that day to a friend abroad. This is an extract from it:—

“You ask me how I mean to amuse myself. In a novel manner—in breaking in a woman, taming a shrew, not for my own use, but for my friend. I am the guest of this *schöne Teufelinn*. This morning she gave me notice to quit; before to-morrow at this time she shall have asked me to stay—nay, more, shall have asked my pardon. If I describe this fair shrew to you, you will fall in love with my description; so I forbear, only saying that though she had the most beautiful foot in the world, as you might incline to maintain, I could not tolerate seeing it set on a man’s neck, that man my friend; though she had the most beautiful hand in the world, as white as a lily, as smooth as sculptured marble, as soft as a mole’s skin (a new simile that!), I would not let it play with a man’s heart-strings as with the strings of a harp—to make music or discord at its pleasure. It is well you are not in my place; you would fall a victim at once; you would rave of her wonderful eyes, her sunshine-spun hair, her teeth, lips, chin; her brow would dazzle you blind by its whiteness, and the changing rose of her cheek would — Are you not dying with longing and envy? I hope so.”

Clare had a miserable day. From her window up-stairs, in her usual sitting-room, she did not feel safe from the observations of her audacious guest; she noted all the proceedings of her cousin and his friend. Again that morning they were upon the river. Mr. Smith appeared to have a passion for rowing. In the afternoon they rode over to the neighboring town. She was not asked to join them in either expedition.

As she dressed for dinner, she saw the two young men leaning against the balustrade of the terrace, partly in the shadow of the cedar, talking earnestly. It seemed to Clare that Allan was pleading or remonstrating with his companion, who presently turned sharply round—his face had been half averted—put both hands upon Allan’s shoulders, and looked into his face with an expression which made Clare think, “If I loved that Mr. Smith, and Allan were a woman, this little scene would have killed me with jealousy.” Then she laughed to herself, and looked in the glass: she had an exquisite taste in dress; to-day she had not been careless. As the light laugh rippled over her face, and chased the lines of gloom and sullenness before it, she was not ill-pleased with the result of her efforts. “What is the use, if I cannot keep my temper?” she said. “I *will* keep it.”

When she went into the drawing-room, she found all the little party assembled there.

Mr. Stanner was saying, “Leave us so soon, Mr. Smith! indeed you must not. You have seen nothing, done nothing yet. We are very proud of the beauty of our neighborhood, and must show it to you, who can so well appreciate it.”

“For many reasons I shall be sorry to leave so suddenly, but”—and he looked full at Clare—“unless a most improbable event happen, I shall be forced to do so. Under ordinary circumstances, it would have afforded me great pleasure to be longer Miss Watermeyr’s guest; but the circumstances which decide me no longer to avail myself of her hospitality are not ordinary.”

Clare pretended to be absorbed in Mrs. Andrews’s embroidery. She commented upon her progress, stooping so as partially to hide her face; then dinner was announced.

Mr. Smith was grave and subdued in his manner all that evening; warmly affection-

ate towards Allan, he was also scrupulously, though icily, courteous to Clare—thus, as she felt, placing her still more in the worse position: if he had been angry and insolent, she would have been much more at her ease; of course he knew this.

Allan and Clare chancing to be alone on the terrace for a few minutes, Clare said,—

"You are very sorry that your friend leaves you so soon?"

"I confess I am very sorry."

"Why do you not persuade him to stay?"

"I cannot; I have tried."

"If you have failed, no one, I am sure, is likely to succeed."

"No one but yourself. He has determined to leave, because, for some reason he will not explain, he is sure that his presence here is (to use his own words) offensive to you, the 'mistress of the house'—and so, in that way, injurious to me."

"He leaves, then, after all, on your account—out of consideration to you," Clare said.

"His friendship for me is very strong, and very disinterested. I assure you that he has a heart as loving as it is noble, though you would not think so."

"I certainly should not think so, Allan. Well, I do not wish to scare away your friend: I have no right to do so. This morning, stung by some of his cynicisms, I lost my temper and offended Mr. Smith. Shall I apologize and ask him to remain? I will, if you wish it."

"Apologize! no, certainly. I should not choose you to apologize to any man," Allan answered, proudly.

Clare winced, but let the expression pass for once. She had spoken with an affectation of carelessness; of course, Allan could not guess her complex motives for this concession—a concession which delighted him, for his friend's sake and his own. It was too dusk outdoors now for him to see the expression of her face, or he might not have been so much delighted.

"But though I should not wish, or like, you to apologize to John, feeling sure that he must have been at least equally in fault"—Allan continued, after a pause—"I should be deeply gratified, dear Clare, by your expressing to him a wish that he should postpone his departure."

"I will do so, Allan—and you must take the consequences."

"They will be that he will remain: a word from you will be enough. Shall I bring him to you now?"

"No; I will choose my own time and place; there is no hurry. You said he meant to leave to-morrow night—"

"One word more before you go in. Am I very selfish in allowing you to ask my friend to stay? Is his presence really disagreeable to you?"

"I can tolerate it," Clare answered, with a laugh Allen did not understand. "Now, don't keep me out any longer; it is quite cool."

"May I venture to thank you thus?" Allan touched Clare's hand with his lips. She withdrew her hand, not angrily or hastily—the truth being that, full of other thoughts, she hardly noticed the action.

They had approached near enough to the windows for the light from the room to fall upon them. Mr. Smith noticed all the points of this little by-play—Clare's air of abstraction, Allan's flushed and eager-eyed look of happiness. "What is up now?" thought the cynic. He further thought, as he presently looked at Clare's hand resting on the back of a crimson velvet chair, as she stood a few moments at the window, listening tolerantly to Allan's comments on the beauty of the scene—lawns, woods, river, and the distant hills—that, just for the sake of experience, he would not mind re-enacting the little comedy of the other morning, substituting the lady's hand for the lady's glove.

Presently the expression of Clare's face became more than tolerant—animated, interested. Mr. Smith stole from the near neighborhood of the cousins, but not before he had become aware, with a curious thrill, that Allan was talking of his student life, and of the varied and valuable services rendered him by his friend during that critical period.

"Poor dear Allan!" soliloquized Clare, when she was alone for the night. Perhaps even to herself she did not explain this sudden compassion.

"For all that, even if I believed it, I have been insulted, insolently treated, and must have my revenge." And her face flushed proudly, and she smiled into her own eyes shining upon her from the glass, dilated with

anticipation of triumph. The expression of her face changed as she continued: "Allan is wonderfully good, wonderfully guileless; he can be firm, too, even imperious, I expect. He would not *choose* me to apologize to any man!" She repeated that, dwelling on the word *choose*. "I hate myself for making him suffer, yet I take delight in it, too. If he were not so good, I should be more likely to love him, I think. He is too good for me!"

Then, in strong contrast to her cousin's frank, fair face, she saw the dark inscrutable countenance of Mr. Smith. Clare had strange dreams that night.

## CHAPTER VI.

CLARE's first thought on waking was of what she had to do that day, and of how she would do it—whether lightly and jestingly, or in a way that should make a serious scene.

"After all, it is not much use deciding beforehand," she said to herself, as she went down-stairs—recognizing by these words that it was not her mood, but Mr. Smith's, that would give its tone to the interview. Mr. Smith was always up and out early. She put on her garden hat and gloves, and with basket and scissors went down the terrace-steps and passed the lawn to the sheltered rosary. She filled her basket: strolling slowly back, through a circuitous well-screened path, she, as she had anticipated, met Mr. Smith coming from the direction of the river. He was passing her with a bow, when she stopped him.

"Are you implacable, Mr. Smith—unforgivingly resentful? *Will* you leave us to-day?" she asked, with a winning smile.

"I should have done so yesterday, but that I hesitated to give Allan that pain."

"And you will go to-day?"

"Most certainly. Having ascertained this, have you any further commands?"

"I command you to remain," Clare said, laughing, but not, for all that, at ease.

Mr. Smith raised his brows, and gave no other sign.

"Shall I teach you the proper answer to make to a lady's command? 'To hear is to obey.'"

"I render no obedience where I owe no allegiance."

"Seriously, Mr. Smith"—Clare began.

"I am and have been quite serious, Miss Watermeyr."

"Well, I am now quite serious. Will you reconsider your determination? I promised my cousin that I would ask you not to go. Will you, for his sake, consent to remain?"

"We—Allan and I—hardly need a mediator. You have now, in compliance with your promise, asked me not to go. I will not disappoint you by complying with your request. We understand each other, I think, and things, of course, remain as they were."

"I ask you, then, as a personal favor to abandon your intention of leaving us so suddenly."

Clare looked conscious of having made an immense concession, but she saw no relenting in Mr. Smith's face, so she continued,—

"If I spoke angrily, unbecomingly, yesterday—if I forgot that you were my guest—I ask your pardon for having done so."

The ice so far broken, swayed by the impulse of the moment, she went on to say a good deal more than she had intended, or than was fitting.

"You made me angry. It seems just now as if everybody combined to insult and vex and perplex me. If you knew all—all I have to bear, all I expect to have to bear—I think you would not be quite so harsh. I have no one to advise me, there is no one to trust to. I have, I dare say, seemed cold and proud, unkind to Allan—insolent, as you rightly called me. But if you knew how miserable I am, how much I need help. You will say, 'There is Allan;' but he is the last person to whom I can go for help. But why should I speak of this to you, who choose to consider me as an enemy? Have I humbled myself enough, Mr. Smith? Will you stay with us for the present?"

"If Miss Watermeyr herself desires, and requests in her own name that I should continue to be her guest, this alters the whole position of affairs. I will gladly remain here longer."

He had watched her very keenly while she spoke. Though he had seen her color change and her eyes moisten, he did not believe in her.

"Thank you," said Clare. "And if we are to be enemies, may I know why we are to be so?—why we may not be friends?"

"I have your cousin's happiness more at



heart than anything else in the world, and you make him miserable. You received him on his arrival in a way that at once made me your enemy, because it made me feel that you were his. Since then have I not seen you torment him daily? How then, with such hostile aims—I wishing his happiness, you causing his misery—can we be other-wise than hostile powers?"

"Do you think that I suffer nothing?—that all the torment and misery are his? If you would but judge me a little less harshly. Will you try?"

Clare spoke with something of passion in her appeal, offering her hand as she did so.

Mr. Smith took the hand in his; it was not gloved—the sunshine glistened on its snow.

"If you would but make Allan happy," he said. "Will you try?"

"Clare blushed angrily. Again she felt herself mocked; but she felt more than that—something she did not understand: tears of pain and mortification rushed to her eyes.

"I cannot, savage and cynic as I am, accept your apologies, and make none. You had provocation—There! I cannot make pretty speeches. Consider all I should say said thus—"

He kissed her hand; he raised it to his lips with an air of careless condescension, as a prince might a pretty peasant-maiden's; but the kiss could hardly pass for one of careless condescension, or of cold ceremony. A thrill of triumph passed through Clare's heart, but when Mr. Smith's face was raised again, those lips had such a queer smile upon them, that she knew not what to think, so she smiled coldly, saying, as she withdrew her hand,—

"An interesting scene, which a spectator would hardly interpret aright; so we will end it, if you please." These words, and the manner of them, neutralized any softening influence of what had gone before.

"You mean that you withdraw the white flag of truce?" Mr. Smith said.

"Look upon this in that light," she said, and offered him a white rose from her basket; but, as he accepted it, he said, "You have to teach me in another way than this, whether it is peace or war between us."

They walked towards the house together, silently. Again poor Clare was baffled and perplexed. She felt that she had been

played upon, whereas she had meant to be the player, not the instrument.

When, at breakfast, something was said about Mr. Smith's plans, he answered briefly,—

"The event to which I alluded as most improbable has taken place; therefore, for the present, I am quite at the service of the fair company here assembled. Miss Watermeyr, could not you persuade Mrs. Andrews to trust herself to our tender mercies on the river? We should be proud to show our skill to you ladies."

"Are you going on the river, then, Clare?" Mrs. Andrews asked.

"If you will come too, auntie," Clare answered, promptly, though she had not been asked before; though she did not much like the water, and had no inclination to go on it that morning. She wished for an interval of peace, and felt that her refusal would be regarded as a declaration of war.

"Auntie was always rather fond of the water," Allan said; and the matter was settled, to the astonishment of two of the party at least—Allan and Clare.

The excursion proved a success. Clare was gentle, Allan in brilliant spirits; Mr. Smith bitter of course, but not at the expense of any member of the party, which made all the difference to his companions.

Mr. Smith added a postscript to his letter:—

"I was right; my superb young hostess has begged me to remain her guest—has asked my pardon for the words which gave me offence. Oh, I shall be able to tame this lioness, and lead her to her master's feet. Tamed or untamed, he is obliged to take her—she is obliged to belong to him; so I do a good work if I can break her in for the 'quiet uses of domestic life.' I should be quite confident of quick success, only that I fancy the beautiful creature is treacherous as well as strong. I have a dim suspicion that she is playing a game with me, or trying to do so. I distrust her sudden gentleness, and shall keep well upon my guard."

#### CHAPTER VII.

It was indeed playing with edged tools, the game in which Clare and Mr. Smith engaged.

Naturally the two antagonists occupied themselves much one with the other: a mutual study of character, and a mutual ob-



servance of conduct, were of course needful. Opportunities for this were not wanting; their intercourse was constant, if it was not intimate. Clare rode, walked, or went on the river with the two friends daily now. This change made Allan very happy; from it he drew all manner of good omens, as also from the fact that Clare did not, as she had done at first, avoid being alone with him. At such times she encouraged him to talk about his friend, and perhaps forgot to bear in mind that from Allan she was sure to hear of nothing that did not tell favorably for her adversary. Mr. Smith was more on his guard; he let Allan talk of Clare, but he made ample allowance for the blind partiality of a lover. Among the cottagers round he tried to hear of her pride and tyranny, but without much success; he heard her spoken of not certainly with the intimacy of love, but with gratitude and admiration.

"Of course they feel bound to—praise her," he inwardly commented.

"After all, if she could be brought to love Allan as Allan loves her, then, I say, Allan might do worse; but if she marries him, as she will do, because she is driven to it, because there is no alternative which her pride could tolerate—in this case Allan will enter not purgatory, but hell itself, when he enters the estate of 'holy matrimony;' and it were better for him to hang a millstone round his neck than such a wife. What is all this to me? Nothing! only Allan is the one being in the world whom I love, and I cannot have him made miserable. In one way or another I can prevent this marriage, if needful."

So Mr. Smith settled matters in his own mind: having done so, he did not perhaps reconsider either his resolutions or their motives: he strove with might and main to gain influence over Clare. More covertly and subtly than at first, and always on his guard before Allan, he contrived to harass and weary her, putting a sting into his words or his manner constantly, yet so cunning a sting, and so cunningly concealed, that often when she afterwards picked his words apart and analyzed his manner, she would wholly fail to discover what it was that had wounded her—where was what had wounded her. Nevertheless, wounded she was often, stung

to the very quick sometimes, irritated, bewildered; yet she still believed that she was playing a part, striving for the difficult and only possible revenge. And, of course, the more difficult the battle, the more she set her heart and soul on victory. She looked back to her former monotonous life with distaste; just now she was interested, excited; there was always something to look forward to; she could hardly tell whether there was more pain or pleasure in the excitement, but she would not, if she could, have changed it for the life that had preceded it. For the present she avoided looking to any future beyond that of the next encounter with Mr. Smith, the next day, or the next week; how things were to end between Allan and herself she would not consider, much less decide.

Even on wet days, or during the hours that were too hot to be passed outdoors, she seldom sought her own room or her own occupations now; she played chess with Allan, Mr. Smith looking on, losing no opportunity for a bitter witticism or pungent joke at her expense, if it could be indulged in a way that should not attract Allan's notice; sometimes she accompanied Mr. Smith on the piano when he sang. He had, as Allan had assured her, a wonderfully rich and mellow voice—so much so, that it seemed as if all the sweetness that should have mellowed his nature had been concentrated in this organ. When she did this, she was generally subjected to some implied reproach for want of taste or of accuracy. Though she possessed, and knew that she possessed both, Mr. Smith could make her feel like a blundering schoolgirl in fear of a strict master. Sometimes Allan and Mr. Smith read aloud by turns, while Mrs. Andrews knitted and Clare idled over a piece of embroidery, in which she had lost all pleasure since Mr. Smith had condemned both its design and execution, but which she would not abandon.

One morning when they were so occupied, Mr. Stanner, who did not often form a member of the party, came into the room, the county paper in his hand, evidently under some excitement.

"Old fools certainly are worse fools than young fools," he said. "There is that old fool, Lord —," mentioning a neighboring nobleman, "has married a ballet-girl—a

pretty child of nineteen—he being eighty, if a day. Did you ever hear of anything more scandalous, more disgraceful?”

“Than her conduct? The little mercenary wretch! No, certainly!” answered Mr. Smith, promptly, before any one else could speak. Mr. Smith was peculiarly out of humor to-day; perhaps he had some secret cause for exasperation.

“Than his conduct, sir, I mean,” Mr. Stanner replied, almost fiercely. “Bringing disgrace, distress, contention into a noble family.”

“Rather selfish conduct, certainly, at his age; he might have got through his few remaining years without the new toy; but others have done likewise, others will do likewise; no use to make a noise about it. The girl was what the world calls virtuous, of course, or he would not have needed to marry her. But it is, I hold, the girl whose conduct is really to be condemned—selling her youth and her beauty to an old——”

“Perhaps, poor thing, she had great temptations,” said Mrs. Andrews—“to lift her family out of poverty, ennoble herself, and——”

Clare had not dared to speak.

“‘Ennoble herself!’” scoffed Mr. Smith; then seeing that gentle little Mrs. Andrews, to whom he was always comparatively gentle, looked frightened at his vehemence, and remembering that she was not his adversary, he said, “Forgive my savageness, but I think that any woman who gives herself away for anything but mere and absolute love, under any circumstances, degrades herself beyond hope of redemption—becomes about the meanest and most pitiful thing on God’s earth.”

Clare’s face blanched; the color fled even from her lips. Allan sprang up and was about to speak when Mr. Stanner interposed. “Gently, gently, Mr. Smith. Your language is rather too forcible for a gentleman to use in the presence of ladies.”

“Perhaps then, sir, I am ‘no gentleman.’” Mr. Smith’s smile, as he added, “Indeed I often think that, with all my brain-culture, I remain as much a boor at heart as was my father before me,” re-assured Mr. Stanner, who, at his first words, had a sudden and dreadful vision, in which figured seconds, and duelling-pistols, and his own corpse lying in a certain little glade of the near forest,

where, if tradition spoke true, other such sights had been seen before.

“When Lady ——, the *ci-devante* ballet-girl, is a widow, it will be shown that many gentlemen are not of Mr. Smith’s way of thinking—she will have many suitors,” Mr. Stanner remarked.

“Mean curs, whom it would give me the greatest satisfaction to horsewhip. By the by, Allan, in an article in that magazine you have in your hand, I saw an astounding statement. Give it me a moment, that I may read the passage. Here it is: ‘It might be rash to marry a woman for her beauty and accomplishments, if she and her intended husband were both entirely without means; but a man would indeed be a wretched cur who preferred an ugly and vulgar woman with £30,000, to an accomplished and beautiful woman who had but £5,000’ (so far so good, but observe this saving clause; evidently the writer felt alarmed at his own rash position, at his enthusiastic unworldliness), ‘supposing his own prospects to be reasonably good.’ I do think this the very sublime of bathos.”

“It certainly seems so much so that I should charitably suppose some misprint or misconception of the writer’s meaning,” said Allan. “The thing implied, of course, being that a man whose prospects are not ‘reasonably good’ is not to be condemned as a ‘wretched cur’ if he takes the ugly and vulgar possessor of £30,000 instead of the beautiful and accomplished, but poverty-stricken, woman who has only £5,000. Of course, if a man worships Mammon and worldly success, if the writer recognizes these as the true gods who are to be served, there is nothing so monstrous in this——”

“Any woman, I am sure, would agree with us, that such a man, whether his prospects are ‘reasonably good’ or not, is a ‘wretched cur.’ No doubt any woman would theoretically agree with me that a woman who gives herself away for anything but love, as necessarily degrades herself as a woman, be she who or what she may, who gives herself away for love—let the man be who or what he may, prince or ploughman—ennobles herself.”

“Dear me, dear me,” Mr. Stanner exclaimed, “your views are very extraordinary, Mr. Smith; rather dangerous, too. Would you have a peeress marry a peasant?”

Do you hold that she would ennoble herself by so doing?" Mr. Stanner smiled blandly, thinking those questions very neatly put, and quite unanswerable.

"If the peeress loved the peasant, certainly, yes. Why not? What is a peeress but a woman, a peasant but a man? and is not any man in some way superior to any woman? So I say, that if the peeress could love the peasant purely and truly, she would be ennobled by so loving. Love is a woman's only power and only glory. An unloving woman is an incomplete, most poor, and quite unharmonized creature—miserable in all senses."

Mr. Smith's eyes were on Clare's face as he finished—she felt them burning there; hers had been cast down; she had shrunk from speaking, feeling most unsafe even when silent, and as if a word might draw down upon her some intolerable avalanche. When he ended, she felt compelled to raise her eyes to his; he was startled at their expression. A new somewhat—a want, a despair—had awakened within her. It was dumb and blind. She was unconscious of it as yet; but it lent a new meaning to her face—gave it something of pathos he had not seen in it before.

Nobody answered Mr. Smith: Mr. Stanner contented himself with a shrug and a look across at Mrs. Andrews, meant to express his fear that the poor fellow was not quite sane.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE longer the warfare lasted, the weaker grew one of the combatants; till at last it was little but silence and meekness with which Clare met the attacks of her adversary, while towards others she became more and more irritable, daily capable of less self-control.

One morning she grieved Allan by a rebuff more than usually harsh, for which her heart reproached her as soon as she had given it; his crime having been that he had asked her to ride alone with him, Mr. Smith professing that business would keep him in the house. Allan was gone—Clare sat alone in the library, occupied by bitter thoughts, when Mr. Smith came into the room. Clare's heart sank when she saw him seat himself at the table by which she sat.

"You have letters to write, I heard you

say. You would like to write here; I will not disturb you."

She pushed the inkstand and blotting-book towards him and rose. Pushing them from him, he said,—

"I did not come here to write my letters; I came here because I wished to speak to you."

Clare was forced to remain; as she sat down again, she sighed involuntarily, as with a premonition of weariness to come.

"You already think me savage—brutal," Mr. Smith began. "I am going to be even more so than usual, if plain speaking implies those amiable qualities. I warn you, therefore, to gather together all your forces, Miss Watermeyr."

"Indeed, I have none this morning. I am tired from our long ride yesterday—not well; I have a headache."

"You are dropping the Amazon's and taking to the woman's weapons, I see. If you will be as plain in your answer as I in my question, I shall not trouble you many moments. How long do you mean to play with Allan as a cat plays with a mouse? When will you make an end of your sport and his misery?"

"What right——" poor Clare began, but words failed her. Lashing himself into fiercer indignation with each word, Mr. Smith delivered a tirade, mostly of abuse of womankind, and of praise, that knew no measure or stint, of Allan. It was better, he ended by saying, that a thousand women should weep their souls out—if, indeed, women had souls, which he was inclined to doubt—than that one tear should be wrung from such a heart as Allan's.

When he had finished, and looked at the beautiful woman before him—saw how she was moved and shaken—even Mr. Smith felt that perhaps he had said too much.

When Clare spoke, the words were the involuntary expression of thought.

"What is it in Allan that makes you love him so well?" Again that pathos of want and of despair looking out from Clare's face.

"I love him because——" The look he had met had somewhat disturbed Mr. Smith—he spoke less vehemently, at first almost with hesitation. "I love him because he is worthy of love—generous, just, gentle, firm—because I have tried him and found him true: I love him because I have served him,

and because, by being what he is, he has rendered me incalculable service."

"I wish I were dead and forgotten," said Clare. "If I were dead and forgotten, then this idol of yours might be happy. It is all bitterness and weariness—I wish I were dead and forgotten. For once you can wish as I wish. I could rest if I were dead and forgotten—if you had ceased to hate me and Allan to love me, I could rest. But," she added, after a pause, "if Allan is all you say, why cannot I love him?"

"Because you are not worthy of him—not worthy to love him. Allan's wife will not resemble you!"

She felt humbled to the dust by his contempt.

"What, then, am I?" she asked, with a sort of horror of the being who excited such scorn.

"The most pitiable thing in creation, perhaps, if it were not for the mischief of which your kind are capable,—a selfish, proud, heartless woman."

"You are cruel and unjust," Clare began, trembling like an aspen as she spoke, so that her words seemed rather shaken out than uttered. You know nothing of me, for from the first your eyes have been darkened by hateful prejudice. I am not heartless—I feel that I could love; and if I loved, I would rejoice to lose myself in what I loved—to have my pride trampled out of me. But how can I love Allan in this way—Allan, who is always at my feet, and has no will but mine? If I am a tyrant, he makes me one: if he were more manly, I could be more womanly."

"You could perhaps more easily (for instance) love me for hating you than Allan for loving you."

"Sir! this is too much! you go too far in injury and insult!" Clare spoke those few words after a wild struggle; then, hiding her face in her hands, burst into an irrepressible passion of tears.

Who was vanquished now?

Mr. Smith found himself in an embarrassing position—perhaps he had never caused a woman to cry before: he made a hasty movement towards Clare, then he turned away to the window. He was ready to apologize, to humble himself, to do anything to stop that passionate weeping; but while he looked out on the terrace, and pon-

dered what he could say or do, he heard the room door close: he looked round—Clare was gone.

Mr. Smith appeared to have a great deal to think about; as he thought, the expression of his face changed continually; once or twice a deep red flush crossed his brow. He certainly wrote no letters that morning, though he sat pen in hand and paper before him for some hours.

Clare was not visible again that day. The headache of the morning was much worse by dinner-time; she was suffering very acutely, Mrs. Andrews said, and seemed feverish. "If she is not better before night, I shall send for the doctor. It is a great drawback to living so far from a town that one is so far from good medical aid. Clare cannot endure our village practitioner."

"Is Miss Watermeyr subject to attacks similar to this?" Mr. Smith asked.

"She used to be; but they were generally brought on by agitation and excitement of a painful kind—such as, poor child," Mrs. Andrews added, turning to Allan, "she used to have far too much of in her father's lifetime."

#### CHAPTER IX.

CLARE was ill for a few days—not dangerously or seriously; but when she came downstairs again, everybody thought her wonderfully altered in so short a time—pale and thin, and altogether subdued in look and manner. During her illness, Allan did not find much consolation in Mr. Smith's society. Mr. Smith was moody and bitter beyond his wont—tormented by a perpetual restlessness, which drove him out night and day.

"Allan!" he broke forth one morning, "when are you going to end this?—to have your fate decided?"

"Under all the circumstances, it would be most ungenerous to press matters, though, of course, the suspense is hard to bear. I believe that a struggle is going on in poor Clare's mind, between her old affection for me and her natural rebellion against the cruel and injurious way in which her father tried to insure our marriage. I feel that this is enough to make her dislike me; but I trust to time and patience to bring back the old happy state of things."

"I am afraid you deceive yourself—beguile yourself with false hope and vain trust."



"Perhaps. Time will show."

"I begin to think that I had better be off."

"You will not leave us yet—not so suddenly—just as Clare is beginning to get over your ways—beginning, I do think, really to like you."

"Suppose I return the compliment, and begin 'really to like' Miss Watermeyr. What then?"

"My dear old fellow, I should be glad." Allan met his friend's look with such a clear brow, such a friendly eye, there was no possibility of doubting his sincerity.

"Allan, you are a noble fellow!—grand and guileless as a knight of old. But, my dear boy, idleness for long is intolerable and impossible to me. I must go back to work soon."

"Let it be an indefinite and receding soon, then." Had Mr. Smith satisfied his conscience by this light skirmish on the borders of confession? If so, it was easily satisfied.

It was on the afternoon of this same day that Mr. Smith came upon Clare unexpectedly, where she sat with a book on her knee, on one of the curiously contrived garden-seats, in the profound shade of the yew-tree walk: her face, as he saw it in profile against the dark background, looked very white and meek.

"Perhaps if I free my conscience by making an honorable apology, I shall be more at ease," thought Mr. Smith, as he approached Clare. Concluding that she was weak and nervous still, he begged her pardon for having startled her when he saw that she trembled.

"I am not on hostile but on penitential thoughts intent," he said. "Last time we spoke together I——"

"Say nothing about that, if you please. Do not let us refer to the past."

"You cannot forgive me then?"

"Oh, yes, if I have anything to forgive"—and she held out her hand.

"If you have anything to forgive!—you have not only forgiven, but forgotten, then," he said, with a grave smile that was almost sweet, as he clasped the offered hand.

"Forgotten!" she repeated, with a vivid blush. "I have had so much to think of—I am perplexed, driven about—I want counsel—I want help to do what is right. You could give it me if you would—will you?"

No one else can; they are all blinded by their preconceived ideas of what is for my good. May I ask your advice?"

She looked up at him; let her hand for a moment—white and light as a snow-flake—touch his sleeve.

"Do not try my endurance too far," he said, in a hoarse, hurried way.

"Oh, no. I am trying, like you, to think only of Allan's good and happiness."

Ho looked at her sharply; but in her face, agitated and intent, he could see no sign of irony; and, indeed, why should he have sought for any?

"People always think seriously when they are ill, I suppose, according to the old proverb,"—she smiled a twilight sort of smile. "I have been thinking seriously about my life—what the good of it is—how I can make it of any good to anybody. I feel now that I can never be happy, but I should like to make some one else happy. If I try with all my heart—give all my life to it—do you think I could make Allan happy?"

"Why does she feel she can never be happy?" mused Mr. Smith.

"By marrying and not loving him?" he asked, aloud.

"By marrying and relearning to love him. I did love him, dearly. Why should I not again? Will it be safe for him that I should try? Can I make him happy? You seemed to think I could not; but then you were angry with me, and not quite just. Do you say the same now?"

It is as hard to some men to speak the truth, when truth and self-interest have but one voice, as to others to speak truth when truth speaks with one voice, self-interest with another.

"Miss Watermeyr, some demon—your evil genius or mine—has led you to me for counsel. There is only one way in which I can answer you,—by showing you how fit an adviser you have chosen. I warned you not to try my endurance too far. I am not a man of iron or stone"—he possessed himself of her hand, and looked right into her eyes—his hand and his glance seemed to scorch her; she shrank from them inwardly, the more that he seemed to be in passionate earnest; not taunting and mocking her, as she could almost have believed sooner than believe that he loved her. "Do you not



feel that you are tempting me beyond what a man can endure? Do you not know that you are trying to deceive me and yourself? You cannot love Allan again—you know that you cannot. You know that you love me—yes, me! You do not dare deny it, Clare—you do not dare deny it. And I—traitor as I am—I love you with a love that has burnt up the unselfish love of which I made my boast—a love of which it is a shame for me to speak, and for you to hear: but I love you, Clare, I love you.” Having wrung her hands in his till she could have screamed with agony, he threw them from him and left her—left her literally stunned and breathless.

For a long time—she could not tell how long—she remained where he had left her; then, like one who has had a blow and got a great hurt—cold, sick, bewildered—she groped her way through the shade and the blinding sunshine till she gained her own room.

He loved her! Well! Was the consciousness—either for hate's sake, as revenge—or for love's sake, as satisfaction—sweet?

#### CHAPTER X.

ALLAN, meeting Mr. Smith just after his interview with Clare, could not help noticing the unusual excitement shown in his face and manner.

To Allan's question as to what was the matter, Mr. Smith answered—“I have been tempted by the devil, and the devil had the better of me. Do not touch me, boy—let me go.”

But Allan, who did not know if this were earnest or some bitter jest, passed his arm through his friend's, and held him fast.

“What has happened? Something, I am sure. Do not jest with me. Tell me what has happened?”

“A mere trifle—a most ordinary occurrence. A man who thought himself of stainless honor and disinterestedness, has proved himself a selfish traitor. A mere trifle. Quite a jesting matter.”

Mr. Smith laughed.

“We are long past the dog-days, or I should be alarmed for your sanity,” Allan said.

“I am not mad, most noble Allan.”

“John, my dear fellow, speak to me so-

berly. What has occurred? Have you had bad news? To whom did you—who is the traitor?”

“Listen and judge. But Mr. Smith paused a while, choking down some pang of bitterness, before he continued. “I am just come from your Cousin Clare. I found her in the yew walk, and left her there. I love her; I have told her so.” He looked in Allan's face—it whitened to the lips, and the features sharpened.

“And Clare?” was all Allan said.

“Loves me. Beggar and blackguard as I am, she loves me.”

“She told you so?”

“Let me remember. No not in words.”

“But you do not doubt it?”

“I do not doubt it. Take your hand from my arm, boy; let me go.”

Allan paid no heed; arm in arm they walked on in silence; a low, sardonic, self-scorning laugh from Mr. Smith was the first sound that broke this silence.

“You have been amusing yourself at my expense in rather a sorry manner!” Allan said, as this sound roused him from the sort of nightmare in which he had been walking, and raised a sudden hope in his mind.

“Would to God it were so! It is not. Let me go—I say, let me go. I shall hate you now, Allan; now I have injured you. Let me go.” Mr. Smith spoke fiercely, and struggled to release his arm from Allan's hold; but the clutch that held him, mechanical and almost involuntary as it was, was like the convulsive clutch of the dying; he could not escape from it.

“You shall not hate me!” Allan said, firmly. “I will let you go, for I want time to think—but not till you have promised to do nothing rash—to sleep under that roof at least one night longer.”

“I promise anything to get away from you.” Allan's hold relaxed, and Mr. Smith was off towards the river. A few moments afterwards, a boat shot swiftly forth from the alder creek. Allan watched it fly down the river, disappearing, to appear again in one shining reach after another. Allan watched without knowing that he watched: the rhythm of the oars gave rhythm to his thoughts—if what went on within him, beating in his brain, hammering at his heart, could be called thought.

Of course there was pain, exceeding bitter pain, dominating all.

The river looked like a chain of pools reflecting the last light of day, while darkness had settled down upon the woods and plain, when the boat came back. Allan had seen it, a black speck upon the gleaming water, a long way off: he was at the landing-place when it came in.

"I am glad you are back at last—the river is not safe in this uncertain light." He helped to moor the boat, then led the way to the house. Mr. Smith staggered rather than walked. Allan was not sorry to see how thoroughly used up and tamed he was. When they entered the library, Mr. Smith threw himself into a chair, laid his folded arms on the table, and his head upon them: he had not spoken.

Leaving him so, Allan went to look for Clare. Till dusk she had been locked into her own room; by that time the storm had spent itself for the present; she had washed out the worst sting and stain, quenched the first burning sense of insult, and was comparatively calm. Allan found her in the unlighted drawing-room, to which she had come for space to move and breathe. Several of the many lattices were open wide, the stars looked in upon her, the summer wind whispered to her—without all was peaceful, with a holy peace. Clare had walked to and fro till she was tired; she was leaning in one of the windows, looking out, when Allan came in: he was close to her before she knew it. They could each see the other's face by the starlight, as they stood there close to the window; pale, resolute young faces were both.

"Sister Clare, my poor little sister Clare," Allan said, speaking to her, as he had never spoken before, as a gentle-hearted elder brother to a suffering sister.

With a low cry Clare leant towards him—he opened his arms—she rested her head against his breast; there he held her pressed against his heart, as he thought, for the last time.

Clare clung to him, and her tears fell again, but very softly; she was soothed and comforted—inexpressibly soothed and comforted; and yet something in Allan's tone, something in his face, seemed to penetrate to her heart's core, paining her with such aching, boding pain as one feels when a

loved voice says "Farewell," and we know that for us can be no well-faring when that voice is no longer heard.

"You need not speak one word. Trust all to me: I know all; you need not speak one word," Allan said.

Then Clare lifted her head, looked up into his face: he did not read her face aright; to her his seemed as the face of an angel.

"Come with me now," he whispered; she obeyed him unhesitatingly, with no thought of where he would take her, only feeling that she might follow him anywhere.

But when he opened the library door, and she saw the lamplight falling on Mr. Smith's bent head, she shrank back, clinging to Allan.

"Go to him, Clare—comfort him—you only can," Allan said. He led Clare forward with gentle violence, disengaged himself from her hold, disregarding her low-spoken entreaty, "Do not leave me,"—perhaps not hearing it, he went away.

Mr. Smith had looked up, when the door opened, vacantly, stupidly, at first, then he sprang up, exclaiming—"Allan, you are mad! what are you doing?" But passionate hope flamed up in his eyes as he spoke, and looked at Clare.

Clare stood motionless just where Allan had left her. In spite of eyes reddened by weeping, and cheeks tear-stained and bloodless, yet not whiter than her lips, she had perhaps never looked so beautiful. When she spoke, it was with the coldest gentleness.

"I did not know where my cousin was bringing me! I can only guess under what mistake he brought me here—perhaps it is as well as it is. You told him all that passed this afternoon?"

"I told him that I loved you, and had confessed it. I told him what, by your manner, I fancy you are going to deny now, that you love me—that you had not confessed it in words, but that I did not doubt it: nor, if you now deny it, shall I now doubt it: I shall only think that your pride, being too little, thinks the sacrifice too great." He was stung by her changed manner, which showed him his lost supremacy.

"Then my cousin renounces me—gives me up to you, believing that I love you."

"Believing that you love me, he leaves you free to marry me. Of this, that you

would marry me, I had never dreamt, wildly as I may have dreamt. I should have been far from here by this time, had not your cousin extracted from me a promise to remain one more night under this roof. In remaining I had no hope. Wildly as I have dreamt, I did not, I repeat, dare dream that you would marry John Smith—wellnigh a beggar!”

“Yet you dared tell me that I loved you! throwing the accusation at me in a way to make it most bitter insult.”

“When a man is maddened by self-reproach and the conflict of passions, he cannot stop to be choice of manner or of words. To tell you of your love and of mine was one thing; to ask you to marry me, knowing as I do the conditions on which——”

“You heap one insult after another upon me,—but perhaps I have merited them all.”

“I do not wish to be harsh—I have cause enough to be humble—but you cannot deny that you have loved me,” he demanded.

“I confess that for some time I half believed that I might come to care for you. I believed it till this afternoon: I must confess more, and what is far more to my shame, that before I believed it possible that I should care for you, I strove to win your admiration—to fascinate you, even to make you believe that I loved you—from motives of revenge. My revenge has recoiled on me—recoils on me doubly. I have wronged you, and you have done me service, taught me many lessons. I must ask your pardon; I do so very humbly—not as I could have done, had you acted differently; but still very sincerely and very humbly, I desire your forgiveness of any injury I may have done you.”

Imprecations were on Mr. Smith's lips, but there was something pure and noble in Clare's face that checked them. Refusals to believe the truth of what she said he could not bring himself to utter, for there was something calm and truthful in Clare's manner that, against his will, impressed him.

A few seconds Clare waited to see if he would speak; he did not—he could not; so she left him, going straight to her own room, to which she presently summoned Mrs. Andrews.

“I have been false, and I have been fooled,” was Mr. Smith's explanation to Allan—“fooled by a woman, and false to my friend. I am learning to know myself. It

was quite fair, your cousin's game. Tell her I said so—that she has my forgiveness, if she cares for it. Now if this were a comedy, I see an opening for a fine wind-up. It would turn out that I had been a most subtle and successful metaphysician, ‘whose skill was only exceeded by his benevolence’—that my only aim had been, by contrast, to win your lady's heart to you. Would to Heaven it were so! I began by trying to play Providence for your benefit certainly; but in real life circumstances are apt to sway the man more than the man circumstances. False to my friend, fooled by a woman; these two little facts from the history of the last few weeks—months, which is it?—I will lay to heart.”

Allan did and said all that was manly and Christian, striving to soothe the pangs of mortification and self-reproach, which he knew were indeed, to such a nature as his friend's, more bitter than death; but the present result of his efforts was to aggravate rather than assuage the fierceness of these pangs.

“You heap coals of fire on my head,” were Mr. Smith's parting words.

Having seen his friend off,—driven him to the nearest railway station,—Allan on his return was met by the news that Clare had left her home, with no intention to return to it.

Mrs. Andrews was her accomplice: she had gone, properly escorted and attended, to “some of Mrs. Andrews's friends in the north,” people in humble circumstances; with them she was to remain till she could meet with a suitable situation as governess.

Clare had left a letter for Allan, explaining why she acted thus, telling him that it would be useless for him to try to learn where she was—useless for him to try and change her resolution or frustrate her plans. “I am not worthy of you, Allan, or I should have loved you in spite of everything. I am not humbled enough yet, or—I will not say what I was going to say; but I know I am not worthy of you, and should not make you happy. When you have been married some years, and I am an ‘old maid,’ I may perhaps come and live in that little West-End Cottage which my father ordained should be my home in such case. Till then we will not meet.”

It was no use for Allan to storm or to entreat; Mrs. Andrews was a trustworthy ac-

complice; for the present she would not reveal the secret of Clare's hiding-place.

Three months with those poor people in the north, to whom she was nothing but a governess out of place, some experience of the life of a governess, and then?—a most lame and impotent conclusion—a humiliating surrender. Like a heroine, she battled with the growing certainty that she loved her Cousin Allan passing well, with "love of men and women when they love the best;" that she revered him as nobler, wiser, better—far nobler, far wiser, far better than herself; that to submit to him with absolute submission, to depend on him with absolute dependence, would be rest and happiness. She battled with herself—she mistrusted herself—she suffered greatly. When she had left home, she had begged Mrs. Andrews not to mention Allan's name when she wrote; she began to think that she must recall this request—that she could no longer bear this silence.

One dreary winter night she sat alone in a large, bare schoolroom, writing to Mrs. Andrews, when a visitor was announced. She had given in; she had just written Allan's name. "Where is he? How is he? Oh, tell me something about him!" she had written. The door opened; she looked up; there stood Allan.

Must not Clare's pride have become very weak, or her love grown very strong, if she yielded then?—then, when the world might say that poverty and hardship and the hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt had brought her to her senses? She knew the world would have a right to say this. She humbled herself to this humiliation—glad to find how light, for love's sake, it was to bear.

The beautiful Mrs. Watermeyr of the next summer could hardly have been other than Clare, yet the beauty was of a different type—softer, sweeter, more submissive.

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In your *Living Age*, July 28, your correspondent, "I. M'C.," has very properly noticed "the common error" clearly sustained here by Lord Macaulay, that the great founder of Batavian liberty was a man "habitually taciturn, or deficient in the gift of eloquence." In corroboration of what your correspondent states, allow me to cite from Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." "The power of dealing with his fellow-men he manifested in the various ways in which it has been usually exhibited by statesmen. He possessed a ready eloquence,—sometimes impassioned, oftener argumentative, always rational. His influence over his audience was unexampled in the annals of that country or age; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and of honor, and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity, wherever it was due, nor feared to confront the states or the people in their most angry hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces." Vol. 3, 620-21.

To save the house in which Goethe was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine from further desecration, it has been purchased by Dr. Volger, an eminent geologist, for the sum of 56,000 florins; and it is his intention to restore it to its original state, and then hand it over to the German

"Hochstift"—a flourishing society for arts and sciences, of which Dr. Volger is the founder. Animated by similar feelings of piety, a friend of the late Robert Brown, Dr. Booth, has placed over the chimney-piece of the back room of 17 Dean Street, Soho (now occupied by an upholsterer), a tablet bearing the following inscription: "This room, the library, and the adjoining one, the study, of the Right Honorable Sir Jos. Banks, Baronet, President of the Royal Society, and, after his death, of Robert Brown, Esq., F.R.S., Foreign Associate of the Academy of Sciences and the Institute of France, were for nearly seventy years the resort of the most distinguished men of science in the world, the last assemblage of whom was on the occasion of the funeral of Mr. Brown, who expired on the 10th of June, 1858, in the eighty-fifth year of his age."

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M. ROBERT has communicated to the French Academy an account of the interesting discoveries recently made in the Rue d'Enfer, at Paris, during the process of lowering the street to the level of the Boulevard de Sebastopol. These consist of a great variety of articles, mostly of Celtic and Gallo-Roman origin, including several flint implements similar to those found at St.-Acheul, near Amiens. The articles were all found in undisturbed drift, and are supposed by M. Robert to belong to the same period as the objects discovered many years ago near Marly, Meudon, and Belleville.

From The Examiner.

*Psychological Inquiries.* The Second Part. Being a Series of Essays intended to illustrate some points in the Physical and Moral History of Man. By Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, Bart., D.C.L., F.R.S. Longman and Co.

WHEN we set aside, with a few other notable books too permanent in their interest to demand instant notice, this most thoughtful little volume, published in the early summer, none could know how soon we should be made to feel that the thinker is more transitory than his thought. At the age of fourscore Sir Benjamin Brodie, foremost and most liberal man of a most liberal profession, died last Tuesday week. Third son of a Wiltshire rector, who was magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of his county, Benjamin Collins Brodie was one of the men to be named to the credit of home teaching against those who are named as doing honor to the discipline of public schools. He was taught at home by his father until he went as a student of surgery to London, in the first year of the present century, and at a time when surgical anatomy was the most popular subject taught in the medical schools. His father the rector had been son of a thriving army linendraper of St. James's, Piccadilly. At the age of twenty-two Mr. Brodie became a demonstrator of anatomy at the Windmill Street Theatre, and continued in that office till, at the age of twenty-five, he was joint lecturer with his teacher, Mr. Wilson. At the same age, or when he was a year younger, Mr. Brodie, who had been for the last five years at St. George's Hospital the pupil of Sir Everard Home, also took office at that hospital as Assistant Surgeon under Sir Everard, who left to him the chief part of the hospital work. Thus Brodie, a teacher at the age when many but begin to learn, was in full work as surgeon at St. George's and as anatomist in Windmill Street. At St. George's not only was Sir Everard Home too busy to attend with much diligence, but another of the chief surgeons was away with the army in Spain, and the care of his patients also fell upon young Brodie. Here was work enough. He had been two years assistant surgeon at St. George's before he thought of private practice, and had a name plate screwed upon the door of his lodging in Sackville Street. That was in 1809, when

he was twenty-six years old, and had just passed from the office of demonstrator to that of joint lecturer in anatomy. Three years afterwards the Windmill Street Theatre was disposed of to Sir Charles Bell, who then superseded Wilson and Brodie as its teacher of anatomy. Young Brodie had professional connections able to advance his interests. The wife of Dr. Denman, the first accoucheur of the day, was one of the Rev. Mr. Brodie's sisters, and her two daughters were both married to men of high mark in the profession. But his chief aid was in the familiar confidence of Sir Everard Home, who employed him as his assistant upon all occasions, and thus put him forward as his natural successor. This distinction he owed wholly to his own abilities. Through Home, Brodie became acquainted with Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Humphrey Davy, and other leading men of science. It was when he was only twenty-eight years old, that he received from the Royal Society its highest honor in the Copley Medal for a Croonian Lecture, which began the series of his researches on the influence of the Brain upon the action of the Heart. This at once made his name known to the profession throughout Europe. The course of active physiological experiment thus commenced, was persevered in during the next fourteen years. As a surgeon Mr. Brodie was distinguished in medical literature by works "on the Pathology and Surgery of Diseases of the Joints," and "on certain local Nervous Affections," which have helped largely towards the extinction of old rash methods of practice that would sacrifice a limb to an obscure pain. In 1816—when he had been seven years in practice, was thirty-two or three years old, and was beginning to thrive as a private surgeon—Mr. Brodie married a daughter of Mr. Serjeant Sellon, who has not survived him. Of his two sons, one is now the Professor of Chemistry at Oxford. At St. George's Hospital Brodie remained for fourteen years assistant surgeon, but in 1822, when he was already in large private practice, he succeeded Mr. Griffiths as full surgeon, and retained that office until 1840, when he retired, after thirty-two years' connection with the hospital. About six years after his marriage his name was so well in fashion that the king privately preferred him to Sir Astley Cooper, and upon the retirement of Sir Astley Cooper



in 1828 Mr. Brodie was left indisputably the foremost of the London surgeons.

On the death of Sir Everard Home in 1832 Brodie succeeded him as Sergeant-Surgeon to William IV., and soon afterwards he was made a baronet. As a surgeon, though skilful in operations, he most valued success in avoiding the knife, and held the mechanical dexterity of the anatomist to be of less account than sound perception of the character of a disease. His aversion for operations was not lessened during the last months of his life by the failure of those to which he submitted, first in 1860, for the improvement of his vision. They left him only a dim sense of light. His last illness dates from April of this year, when he was attacked by lumbago and fever. At midsummer he began to complain of a pain in the right shoulder, which had been dislocated by a fall from a pony eight-and-twenty years before. The feverish pain increased. In September swelling began. The disease was malignant, and in six weeks it came to its end in death.

Since his retirement from the active work of his profession, Sir Benjamin Brodie has given to the public those two volumes of *Psychological Inquiries* of which the second, with the year of his death on its title-page, has appeared only within the last few months. They are in the form of dialogue, and the preface to the part last issued thus explains their purport:—

"I have on the present occasion, as I had formerly, two objects especially in view, one of these being to show that the solution of the complicated problem relating to the condition, character, and capabilities of man is not to be attained by a reference to only one department of knowledge; that for this purpose the observations of the physiologist must be combined with those of the moral philosopher, mutually helping and correcting each other, and that either of these alone would be insufficient.

"The other object to which I have alluded is, that I would claim for researches of this kind that they should be regarded not as merely curious speculations, but as being more or less of practical importance to every individual among us, enabling us to understand to how great an extent we may contribute to the improvement of the faculties with which we are endowed, and to our own well-being in life."

After a preliminary conversation on the

study of the Physical and of the Moral Sciences, in which he distinguishes acutely between the attainable and the unattainable objects of inquiry, and upholds the pursuit of science for its own sake, the reasoner turns to the subject of Self-knowledge, and to the proposition with which he had closed his former dialogues,—that no one can properly perform the duties he owes to society, "who does not regard his own powers, his own disposition, and his peculiar moral temperament, influenced as it may be by his physical condition and his mode of life, as a fit object of study, as much as anything external to himself." He then dwells first on the need of physical power for intellectual exertion. The mind works best in a healthy body.

"There is, however, no necessary connection between robust health and superior intelligence. How often do we see the former combined with stupidity and ignorance! Travellers report to us instances of tribes of savages who intellectually appear not to be many degrees superior to the lower animals. The same may be said of the poor deserted children who have been sometimes found leading a lonely life and maintaining a precarious existence in forests, apart from all human society. In his rude and uncultivated state, there is little in man either to respect or admire. That by which he is distinguished, and which elevates him above all other creatures on earth, is his capability of improvement. The observation applies to individuals not less than it does to societies of men. Of two individuals, with perhaps equal capacities of mind, but placed under different circumstances as to education and as to the class of persons with whom they associate in early life, one may be found, after a lapse of years, to be comparatively stupid, while the other, as to intelligence, far surpasses what had been anticipated of him in the beginning."

The faculties of mind as of body are strengthened, almost seem to be created, by exercise. Thus

"Our senses admit of being improved by cultivation as much as those higher faculties to which they are subservient. The sailor distinguishes a ship in the horizon which is imperceptible to the landsman. The practised musician has a nicer perception of musical sounds, of harmonies and discords, than the inexperienced artist. The painter who has become a master of his art recognizes effects of shades and colors, and a mul-

titude of things besides, of which he took no cognizance at all when he first entered on his profession as a student. So also the water-drinking Hindoo finds a difference of taste in the waters of different springs, which are alike insipid to the drinkers of beer or wine; and the worker in jewelry and gold ornaments acquires a nicety of touch of which the blacksmith can form no conception. It is, however, in those cases in which a particular sense has never existed, or has been permanently destroyed, that we learn to how great an extent other senses may be improved so as to supply the deficiency. In the earlier part of my life I made acquaintance with a blind fiddler, who wandered about the country by himself attending village festivals; and I remember, among many other things which I have now forgotten, his having described to me how certain feelings, produced, as he supposed them to be, by the pressure of the air, made him understand that he was close to a large tree. Children who have been born blind, or who have become blind, learn to read with their fingers, by means of small embossed characters, in a shorter space of time than those who have their sight do by printed books. They become as familiar with the voices of their acquaintance as others are with their countenances; and it is really true that they not unfrequently wonder why, from being born blind, they should be held to be objects of commiseration.

"I remember seeing a little girl three or four years old, who had been totally deaf from the time of her birth, watching her mother as she was speaking. The intensely earnest and anxious expression of her countenance when she was thus occupied was almost painful to behold; but the result was, that by a close attention to the motion of the lips, and, as I presume, by observing those smaller movements of the features which are unnoticed by others, she was enabled to obtain a competent knowledge, not indeed of what her mother said, but of what she meant to say. Examples of this kind may be supplied without end. There are few professions, and few pursuits in life, which do not require that some one organ of sense should be in a state of greater perfection than the rest; and each individual accordingly trains and educates that of which he is most in need, though he himself is unconscious that he is doing so.

"The organs of sense are as much physical machines as the telescope, or the microscope, or the ear-trumpet; and in like manner, as the muscles become more developed, more vascular, and larger by being exercised, so it is not improbable some such actual changes take place in the organs of sense

also, rendering them more adapted to the purposes for which they are designed. But this does not explain the whole. Any one who enters on the study of minute anatomy, or what they are pleased to call *histology* (we are very fond in these times of inventing new names for old things), by means of the microscope, is at first very awkward in the use of the instrument. By degrees he understands it better, and is enabled to see what he could not see, or at any rate did not comprehend, in the beginning. So it is with regard to the organs of sense. We are clumsy in applying them to a new purpose, as we may be clumsy in our first attempts with an optical machine, but by diligence and attention we become more dexterous. What I am about to mention is no rare occurrence, and will serve to explain what I believe to be the correct view of the subject. A gentleman, who heard perfectly well with one ear, was thoroughly convinced that he had been entirely deaf with the other ear from the time of his being a child. By and by he became affected with a severe inflammation of the sound ear, and, when this had subsided, he discovered to his dismay that he had become quite deaf on this side also. After some time, however, on his being compelled to make a trial of what he called his deaf ear, he found that it was not really so useless as he had supposed it to be. By constant attention to the neglected organ, his capability of hearing with it gradually increased, and to such an extent that, with the help of an ear-trumpet, he could hear sufficiently well for the purposes of conversation."

From this the reasoning passes to the power of the will over the passions, to the power also of selecting those suggestions of the fancy upon which attention shall be fixed, and that are therefore to abide in memory.

"The power of continued attention differs very much in different individuals, according to the original construction of their respective minds. Thus in the case of two boys, apparently under similar circumstances, we may find one of them to have great difficulty in fixing his attention long enough to enable him to understand the simplest proposition in geometry, while the other accomplishes the same thing with no difficulty at all. But here also the defect under which the one labors may be in a great degree supplied by education and practice, while the advantage which the other naturally possesses may be lost by neglect. A young man who has not been trained to gain knowledge by reading, will complain that, after he has read a few pages, his mind becomes

bewildered, and he can read no longer; and I have known even those who have been well educated originally to make the same complaint, when, from being constantly engaged in the active pursuits of life, they have for many years neglected the habit of reading. On the other hand, the boy who is supposed to have *no head for mathematics* may by constant practice become a competent mathematician. It is the same in his case as in that of the imagination. The mind is kept fixed on one object, or succession of objects, by an effort of the will; and the more we are habituated to make the effort, the more easy it becomes to make it."

Some pleasant and practical discussion on memory includes a good illustration of the association of ideas upon which it so much depends, in this experience narrated by a clergyman:—

"When I was about fifteen years of age I went, with my father and mother and other friends, on a tour through Somersetshire; and having arrived at Wellington, where I had certainly never been before, we tarried an hour or two at the 'Squirrel' Inn for refreshments. On entering the room where the rest of the party were assembled, I found myself suddenly surprised and pursued by a pack of strange, shadowy, infantile images, too vague to be called recollections, too distinct and persevering to be dismissed as phantasms. Whichever way I turned my eyes, faint and imperfect pictures of persons once familiar to my childhood, and feeble outlines of events long passed away, came crowding around me and vanishing again in rapid and fitful succession. A wild reverie of early childhood, half illusion, half reality, seized me, for which I could not possibly account; and when I attempted to fix and examine any one of the images, it fled like a phantom from my grasp, and was immediately succeeded by another equally confused and volatile. I felt assured that all this was not a mere trick of the imagination. It seemed to me rather that enfeebled memory was, by some sudden impulse, set actively at work, endeavoring to recall the forms of past realities, long overlaid and almost lost behind the throng of subsequent events. My uneasiness was noticed by my mother; and when I had described my sensations, the whole mystery was speedily solved by the discovery that the pattern of the wall-paper in the room where we were seated was exactly similar to that of my nursery at Paddington, which I had never seen since I was between four and five years of age. I did not immediately remember the paper, but I was soon satisfied that it was indeed the

medium of association through which all those ill-defined, half-faded forms had travelled up to light; my nurse and nursery events associated with that paper pattern being, after all, but very faintly pictured on the field of my remembrance."

The discussion of memory tends, of course, to a practical application of what is said to self-improvement. The sort of memory to cultivate is well defined:—

"If it be really true that the Spanish theologian, Francis Suarez, knew all St. Augustine's works by heart, it does not appear that this was ever productive of any real good either to himself or to any one else. I did not myself know the individual; but I have been informed, on what I believe to be very good authority, of an instance of a young man who, after once or twice reading it, could repeat a rather long ballad, and yet, when he had done so, did not know the meaning of it. The memory which really leads to great results is that which is founded not on mere juxtaposition, but on the relations which objects and events have to each other: one suggesting another, so that they present themselves not as insulated facts, but as parts of a whole. It is this kind of memory which distinguishes the philosophical historian from the dry narrator of wars and treaties, and party politics; which opens to the view of the scientific inquirer those resemblances and analogies by means of which he is enabled, in the midst of apparent confusion and complexity, to trace simplicity and order, and to arrive at a knowledge of the general laws which govern the phenomena of the universe; and which leads those whose genius takes another course 'to find in poetry its own exceeding great reward,' or 'to look for the good and the beautiful in everything around them;' at the same time that they become the benefactors of mankind, by transmitting wise thoughts and noble sentiments to the generations which come after them."

Much is well written of the education of circumstances and of the variety among the aptitudes of men. But at the root of all is watchful work—divested of all hindrances of self-conceit:—

"The most retentive memory, the quickest perception, nay, even the soundest judgment, will of themselves lead to no grand results. For these not only is labor required, but it must be persevering labor, not diverted from one object to another by caprice or the love of novelty, but steadily pursuing its course amid failures and disap-

pointments. In fact, if there be anything which deserves the name of genius, those which you have rather incautiously designated as minor qualities are an essential part of it. Without them there would have been no advancement in Science, no improvement in Art; or, to express what I mean to say in a few words, there would have been nothing of what constitutes the higher form of civilization.

"There is one other quality not less essential than those of which I have just been speaking. For this I can find no other English name than that of humility; though that does not exactly express my meaning. It is that quality which leads a man to look into himself, to find out his own deficiencies and endeavor to correct them, to doubt his own observations until they are carefully verified, to doubt also his own conclusions until he has looked at them on every side, and considered all that has been urged, or that might be urged, in opposition to them. It is such habits as these which lead to the highest distinction, for they lead to a knowledge of the truth and to self-improvement. There is no other foundation for a just self-confidence. In this sense of the word the greatest men are humble. They may be proud—they are sometimes even vain; but they are never conceited."

The third dialogue opens with discussion of the power we have of counteracting by a voluntary effort any unwholesome influence of outward circumstances on the mind.

"No one, until he has been, as it were, compelled to make the necessary effort, can be aware to how great an extent the power of self-control is within our reach. It is not much to say that one whose state of health renders him fretful and peevish in his own family, may show no signs of his irritable temper when in the society of those with whom he is less intimately acquainted. On much greater occasions than this, the well-trained mind will come forth triumphant from a contest with the physical infirmities of our nature. A barrister of my acquaintance, who afterwards rose to the highest honors of his profession, was subject to a neuralgic disease, which so affected him that it often happened, when he had to advocate an important cause, that he entered the court in a state of most intense bodily suffering. But his sense of duty was greater than his sense of pain, and the latter was almost forgotten as long as the necessity for exertion lasted. The famous Cheselden, who at the same time that he was a man of science was also the most distinguished operating surgeon of the age in which he lived,

thus graphically describes the feelings with which he had to contend: 'If I have any reputation in this way, I have earned it dearly, for no one ever endured more anxiety and sickness before an operation; yet, from the time I began to operate, all uneasiness ceased. And if I have had better success than some others, I do not impute it to more knowledge, but to the happiness of a mind that was never ruffled or disconcerted, and a hand that never trembled during any operation.' The commander of a merchant-vessel labored under a frightful local disease, of which it is unnecessary for me to describe the particulars. On his voyage homeward he was overtaken by a storm, during which it required the utmost energy and skill to preserve his vessel and its crew. For two or three successive days and nights he was constantly on the deck, watching everything and directing everything, as if he had been in the most perfect health. Then the storm subsided; he was again conscious of the sufferings occasioned by his complaint, and he returned home to die. In one of our former conversations, I referred to an observation of Lord Chesterfield, that many a battle had been lost because the general had a fit of indigestion; and I presume that this may have been true as to such a Sybarite as Vendôme is represented to have been, but I cannot believe it to be at all applicable to great officers, such as Napoleon, Nelson, or Wellington."

Here we pause for the present, but we shall return to the book for a few more strains of its delightful wisdom.

We return to this book for a few more notes of the course of its argument for a man's studious inquiry into the extent of his own powers of self-management. The veriest trifler has a meaning in his emptiness, and the "used-up man" here re-appears: the *ennui* caused by a superabundance of leisure, and the absence of demand for the vigorous exercise of any faculty, being recognized as one of the real calamities of life.

No practical weight is allowed to the doctrine of a necessity that governs actions, and we are reminded of the late Baron Alderson's words in a charge to a jury, "The prisoner is said to have labored under an uncontrollable impulse to commit the crime. The answer to which is that the law has an equally uncontrollable impulse to punish him."

"In short, whatever our speculative opinions may be, practically we are all constrained to acknowledge that, however much our in-



tellectual and moral character may be influenced by external causes, more depends on ourselves than on anything besides. This great truth cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of younger persons by all those to whom the business of education is entrusted, whether it be parents, or tutors, or religious instructors. The wise man, having once learned this lesson, continues to educate himself during the whole period of his life."

Equally sound and practical is the refusal to assume that a man's intellectual faculties and his emotions and passions form two separate and independent systems. One is as necessary to the other as the heart to the liver, of which, if you take one away, there is an end of the entire system.

"The mind may be in different conditions, and is constantly passing from one of these conditions to another; but it is always one and the same mind, and, in whatever state it may exist at the time, subject to the same influences. Thus, to take a familiar instance to which I have adverted in one of our former conversations, in an aggravated case of gout, where there is an unusual accumulation of lithic acid in the blood, the temper is peevish and fretful; fits of anger are produced without any adequate provocation, at the same time that, the capability of continued attention being impaired, the reasoning faculty and the judgment are rendered imperfect. So, also, where, from the want of a due supply of food, there is an insufficient production of the nervous force, it is not in one respect, but in all respects, that the mind suffers. In the latter case the impoverished blood is deprived of those properties without which it is incapable of maintaining the functions of the nervous system; while in the former case it is not that anything is wanting, but that there is an undue proportion of one of the materials of which the blood is composed, and that to such an extent that it actually operates as a poison."

From this consideration follows a discussion of the power over the mind exercised by the state of the blood under the influence of wine or tobacco. Tobacco smoked in excess Sir Benjamin thought more deleterious than opium, and more productive of disease. We have not space to pursue much farther the train of reasoning by which one of the greatest of English surgeons, after many studies and the widest intercourse with men, summed up at fourscore, in the last year of his life, the wisdom he had acquired. He does not declare all vanity, but dwells upon the power each man holds over himself, in

showing how "the well-trained mind will come forth triumphant from a contest with the physical infirmities of our nature," and how it lies with ourselves to keep watch and ward over those common sources of happiness, mental and bodily health. The book is far too wise to be pedantic, and it touches upon fundamental truths with a simplicity that to the unthoughtful will sometimes make them seem commonplace. Of care of the bodily health, for example, Sir Benjamin wrote :—

"The subject has been treated of, in one way or another, by a multitude of medical writers, who tell you how to eat and drink and sleep, and everything else. But I do not much advise you to read their books, lest you might be perplexed by the discrepancy of the opinions which they contain. Thus I have in my mind at present three treatises on diet, in each of which there is a list of proscribed articles of food. But these lists are different, and if you were to adopt them all, you would find very little left to eat. Some very simple rules indeed are all that can be suggested, and each individual must apply them as well as he can to himself. A reasonable indulgence, without the abuse, of the animal instincts; a life spent in a wholesome atmosphere, and as much as possible in the open air; with a due amount of muscular exercise. Really there is little more to say."

The melancholy dependent on deficient nervous power, curable not by mental effort, but by rest and proper food, is associated with the depression following excess in wine, opium, or tobacco, that has too rapidly excited and exhausted nervous force. The deficient exercise of nervous force produces the depression of *ennui* in the unoccupied man, body and mind acting and reacting on each other.

The chapter on Education, forming the fifth dialogue, is full of soundest thought. At the root of training of the young, Sir Benjamin, like a true man and sound philosopher, placed this :—

"To begin at the beginning. It seems to me that the first thing is that a young person should be made to understand the value of truth, not only that he should never deviate from the rule of telling the truth, but that he should on all occasions desire to learn the truth, and do this to the best of his ability, not considering whether the result will be agreeable and convenient or otherwise. Not only is this the surest foundation of the moral



virtues, but without it the exercise of the intellect, on whatever it may be employed, can lead to no satisfactory result. This, you may say, is a matter so obvious that it scarcely deserves an especial notice; and yet it is to the want of a thorough conviction as to the value of truth, and the amount of labor and caution required for its attainment, that we may trace a large proportion of the disappointments to which we are liable in the ordinary concerns of life, as well as the many erroneous notions which have been from time to time propagated, and the fact that many things which at various times have passed for knowledge in the world have proved in the end no better than a sham and an imposture."

The next business of education is not so much to communicate facts dogmatically as to cultivate the powers of attention, industry, and perseverance. Care must be taken also, throughout, to cultivate the imagination as "the great, the transcendent faculty of the human mind."

"As the imagination is the essential part of the genius of the poet, presenting to him analogies and relations which are not perceived by ordinary minds, so it is the main instrument of discovery in science and of invention in the arts. To the philosopher who enters on a new field of inquiry, it furnishes those lights which illuminate his path and lead him onward in his journey,—fallacious lights indeed if he trusts implicitly to them, but far otherwise if he takes them for no more than they are worth, not supposing that they can in any degree supersede the necessity of strict observation and a hesitating and a cautious judgment. Such is the history of all the great achievements in the inductive sciences; nor is it otherwise even with those sciences in which we have to deal,

not with probabilities, but with absolute certainties. How many crude notions must have passed through Newton's mind before he completed the invention of fluxions! So it is with all other human pursuits, whether it be in the case of Marlborough or Wellington arranging the plan of a campaign, or of Columbus directing his course over the hitherto unexplored Atlantic Ocean, or of Watt engaged in the invention of the steam-engine. Wherever great things are accomplished, it is the imagination which begins the work, and the reason and judgment which complete it."

The book closes with two excellent dialogues, one on man's place in the world, which treats in a liberal and philosophical spirit of natural theology and recent theories; the other on the possible advances of civilization, and the hypothesis of the "indefinite perfectibility" of the human race. Here Brodie held firm to the teachings of experience, and his little book ends by giving a new turn to such speculation, in asking whether man be so perfect a crowning work that he may not, perhaps, be followed in possession of the earth by creatures standing higher in the system of the universe. But with this the mature and shrewd philosopher falls back upon the consideration from which he had set out, that it is for us to learn where our "inquiries should end, and not to bewilder our minds by the endeavor to penetrate into regions beyond the reach of the human intellect." So ends a book of which the treatment corresponds to a subject that is defined by one of the imaginary speakers in the dialogue as "not above the comprehension of the humblest capacity, nor beneath the notice of the loftiest intelligence."

PROFESSOR BACHE, connected with the United States' Coast Survey, in a recent article on the physiology of sea-sickness, advances the idea that this torment of ocean travellers is a disease of the brain, and not of the stomach. His view is that it is owing to the fact that the mind is not able to understand the varying motions of the vessel as rapidly as the senses feel them, thus causing a conflict of impressions, and a consequent affection of the brain, which in turn deranges the nervous system and produces nausea. As soon as the mind

can conceive the idea of such motion as soon as it is felt, sea-sickness ceases. The deck is consequently the best place for one suffering, as there the sight can be best educated to the movements of the vessel.

A LETTER to the Pope has been published at Turin bearing the signatures of 8,948 of the Italian clergy, praying his holiness to renounce the temporal power.

From The Spectator.

# A GERMAN PRINCESS.

ONE of the most extraordinary women of the last generation, who for many years, and during the most eventful epochs of European history, exerted an influence greater than that of reigning monarchs, the Duchess of Sagan, born Princess of Courland, died on the 19th September, at the Castle of Sagan, in Prussian Silesia. Princess Dorothea, of Courland, born August 21, 1793, was the youngest of four daughters of Prince Peter, son of the celebrated Ernest John de Biron, whom Anna of Russia raised from the dust to the highest dignities in the empire, giving him the Duchy of Courland as but a slight token of her favor. Ernest John de Biron, with all his failings was not devoid of geniality; but his son Peter had little of him but his extreme physical beauty. By the will of his father Peter married in early life; but his most violent temper made his matrimonial state a very unhappy one, and he brought two wives to the grave before he was thirty years old. Then he made the acquaintance of Ann Charlotte of Medem, the daughter of a poor German nobleman, possessing a small property in Courland; and, attracted by her physical and mental charms, offered her his hand, which she accepted. The offspring of this union were four daughters, who for a long time were held to be the most perfect beauties in Europe. Uniting the charms of unusual intellectual capacity with the symmetry of corporal perfection, the fame of the four princesses of Courland spread through the whole of Europe, and poets came to sing their praises, while kings worshipped at their feet. All had numerous brilliant offers of marriage; but, by the advice of their mother, every one of the four princesses made a love match, or what was held to be such. The eldest married a Count of Schulenburg; the second the Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen; the third a Duke of Acerenza; and the youngest, Dorothea, the Count de Talleyrand-Perigord, nephew of the great Talleyrand, a general in the French army. It was this last-named lady who died but a few weeks ago as Duchess of Sagan, after as eventful a career as ever fell to the lot of duchess or princess.

The union of Dorothea of Courland with the Count de Talleyrand, afterwards Duke

de Dino, was not a happy one, though professedly a love match. The princess was only sixteen years old at the time of her marriage, which took place on the 22d April, 1809, and so full of radiant beauty, that after the first month of her arrival in Paris, crowds used to follow her carriage in the streets, wherever she went, and masses of people stood for hours under the burning sun, or in pouring rain, to get a glimpse of her sweet face. For awhile, the count's vanity was gratified by this adoration paid to his young wife; but, *blasé* in his inmost nature, he ended by getting tired of even this enjoyment, and before long treated the princess with utter neglect. The knowledge of this could not long be hidden from the gossipers of the salons, and had the consequence of bringing forward a host of open admirers and *amis*,—among them Prince Talleyrand. The great statesman was unable to hide his fervent admiration of his young niece, and, confiding in his relationship, offered her the protection of his name and position. Shrewd far beyond her age, the Princess Dorothea neither refused nor accepted this protection; but while treating Talleyrand invariably as a kind and loving uncle, managed to keep him for some time at a respectful distance. This naturally increased the ardor of the enamored diplomatist, who henceforth, and for the rest of his life, became one of the most faithful and sincere friends of the princess. Probably there was not a single being in the world to whom Talleyrand, in his later age, was so thoroughly and so steadfastly attached as to his young niece. Dazzled at first by her extreme beauty, he was completely captivated, after somewhat fuller acquaintance, by the geniality of her intellect; to such an extent that not unfrequently her advice ruled the most important of his undertakings. An immediate point of sympathy between the prince and his niece was established in the dislike of both to the person and court of the emperor. The refined manners of Princess Dorothea recoiled at the innate vulgarity of the generals and field-marshal, and their low-born spouses, who gave the *ton* at the Tuileries; and the often coarse behavior of the mighty Cæsar himself appeared to her anything but imperial or heroic. Being imprudent enough to give vent to these feelings in occasional speeches, the

princess soon came under the notice of Fouché's myrmidons, whose reports enraged Napoleon so much as to make him forget the respect due to a princely lady not his subject. Naturally, therefore, the dislike of Talleyrand's niece to the emperor soon grew into hate, fanned as the sentiment was by the cutting sarcasms of the arch-diplomatist, in which he freely indulged in her presence. Added to this was the singular influence which Talleyrand exercised over a number of ladies of the highest rank, and which, reacting on the young Princess of Courland, made her the devoted adherent of his vast political schemes. On the compulsory retreat of the prince to his magnificent castle of Valençay—but shortly before the prison of King Ferdinand VII. of Spain, and his brother, Don Carlos—Princess Dorothea followed him thither, determined to enter heart and soul into his plans, and to assist them with all the means in her power. The ex-minister being too closely watched by the spies of the Government to attempt even the slightest movement, it was left to her to organize a series of secret meetings of the enemies of imperialism, which were not without effect on the subsequent fate of Napoleon. The meetings were held alternately at the country-seat of the Prince of Turn-and-Taxis and at the mansion of the Princess of Vaudemont, at Suresne, and led to a connection with the Duke de Condé and the Bourbons. While the conspiracy thus formed was progressing, news arrived of the disastrous retreat of Napoleon from Russia, and the coalition of the great Continental Powers against the long-endured supremacy of the Corsican conqueror. After a short consultation with Talleyrand, Princess Dorothea hurried to Prague, in the neighborhood of which city her mother possessed considerable estates. Before she had been many days at her chateau in Bohemia, Czar Alexander arrived with the King of Prussia, closely followed by Prince Metternich. There were long nightly conferences, the upshot of which was the adherence of Austria to the declaration of war of the two northern sovereigns. Immediately after, Talleyrand's niece returned to Paris, accompanied by her mother and several new male servants, believed to be disguised noble emigrants. Not many months had elapsed before the victorious armies of the allied

sovereigns entered France, taking their road to the capital, where the great statesman was waiting their arrival in the privy-council of Marie Louise. In the middle of March, 1814, a well-known Swiss gentleman, Cæsar la Harpe, had a long interview with Princess Dorothea, which was followed by his departure for the invading army, and his meeting with an old pupil, no less a personage than Czar Alexander. On the 31st of the same month the Czar held his solemn entry into Paris, and went straight to the Hotel Talleyrand, where he took up his residence. A few hours after, there issued from the mansion of the great diplomatist a document by which the crown of France was transferred from the head of Napoleon I. to that of the Count of Provence, *alias* Louis XVIII. It was in the drawing-room of Princess Dorothea that the paper fatal to the Napoleonic dynasty was signed by Prince Schwarzenburg and the rulers of Russia and Prussia.

Princess Dorothea accompanied Talleyrand to the Congress of Vienna, and not a little contributed in that brilliant assemblage of princes and ambassadors, to the successes of the great diplomatist. Returned to France, she obtained a separation from her husband, and thenceforth devoted herself entirely to the duties devolving upon her as presiding genius of her uncle's household. Twenty years thus spent ended by giving her complete ascendancy over the mind of the prince, and a mastery over his will such as no one possessed before. When Talleyrand was lying on his death-bed, as full of scepticism as ever, she insisted that he should become reconciled to the holy Mother Church. He smiled in answer, "I have never been in a hurry, yet always arrived in time." But the princess would allow no more jests, and forthwith introduced Abbé Dupanloup, a zealous missionary of the Church, since then deservedly promoted to episcopal duties. Talleyrand, helpless like a child under the burning gaze of his niece, repeated every word dictated by the abbé, and on the morning of the 20th of May, 1838, with trembling hands, already in the agony of death, signed a paper by which he confessed himself a true Christian and faithful son of the Catholic Apostolic Church. When, a few days after, his last will and testament was opened, it was found that Talleyrand had left the great

bulk of his fortune, amounting to near twenty millions of francs, to his beloved niece, Princess Dorothea. "A man living in falsehood; yet not what you can call a false man," says Thomas Carlyle, summing up his character.

By a singular freak of nature and circumstances, Princess Dorothea, having devoted the morning of her life to diplomatic intrigue, was fated to give the evening to the passion of love. By the death of her elder sister, she became, in 1845, sovereign owner of the Duchy of Sagan, a mediatised principality of about a hundred square miles, with some fifty thousand inhabitants, situated in Lower Silesia. Thereupon, the princess left France, and settled at the old Schloss of Sagan, a magnificent palace, surrounded by vast gardens, built by Wallenstein, and fitted up with all the pomp and splendor of a royal residence. In the course of the due visits of congratulation paid by the feudal lords of the neighborhood, Prince Felix of Lichnowsky made his appearance: the head of an old noble family, possessing large landed estates in Austrian and Prussian Silesia, and celebrated for the geniality of its members for several generations. The father of Felix, Prince Edward, gained a well-merited literary fame as author of a voluminous "History of the House of Hapsburg;" his grandfather was the friend and protector of Beethoven; and several other predecessors distinguished themselves highly both in the field and the cabinet. Prince Felix, born April 5, 1814, ran through a most romantic career in early youth. After having been a short time in the Prussian service, he went to Spain and offered his sword to the Pretender, Don Carlos; fought two years as general in the ranks of the insurgents, and, badly wounded, retired to his estates to write "Reminiscences of the years 1837 to 1839"—by no means flattering to the cause of Don Carlos. He then offered his services to the Shah of Persia, and went half-way thither; but suddenly turned his head to Portugal in search of fame and adventures. The result was another volume of "Reminiscences," and a number of duels, out of all of which he came victoriously. He then retired again to his estates, deeply involved by this time by his extravagances, and here made the acquaintance of Princess Dorothea. A tall, fine,

and eminently handsome man, with a halo of romance around him, Felix of Lichnowsky made a deep impression on the princess. She invited him to stay at her Schloss, and before long she declared herself, without hesitation, deeply and madly in love with him. Notwithstanding the difference of age, the princess being fifty-three and Prince Felix but thirty-one, he professed to reciprocate her feelings, and agreed to take up his abode at Sagan. The union of hearts was soon drawn still closer by a union of budgets. Prince Felix directed all his creditors to apply at the Schloss of Sagan for payment, and the princess was too much in love not to take the hint thus given, and paid bills to the amount of very nearly the legacy left to her by her great uncle. Wishing to distinguish himself in a political career, Prince Felix entered the Prussian House of Lords in 1847, and achieved a considerable success as one of the leaders of the Conservative party. Unhappily, through the influence of the Duchess of Sagan, he was chosen the following year into the National Parliament at Frankfurt, where, with his Prussian-lord feelings, still unaltered, he found himself in the ranks of the ultra-Conservatives. There was a local insurrection at Frankfurt on September 18, 1848, in the progress of which Prince Felix, in company with a friend, took a ride through the suburbs. Near the village of Bornheim he was attacked by a furious mob, torn from his horse, and, while trying to escape, shot through the breast. When the fatal news reached the Schloss of Sagan, the princess locked herself up in her room, refusing all sustenance, and expressing her determination to follow her lover in death. However, the arrival of one of her sons shook her resolution, and time and change of scenery gradually lessened her immense sorrow, which she gently nursed by erecting numerous memorials of love within her parks and gardens. "*Felix-ruh*," "*Felix-bank*," and similar inscriptions throughout the splendid domain of Sagan, forever commemorate the remembrance of Felix of Lichnowsky.

Princess Dorothea, Duchess of Sagan, died, as already stated, a few weeks ago, on the 19th September last, at her royal residence. She retained her extreme beauty almost up to the day of her death, and wad-



derful stories are told of the arts she employed to preserve the perfection of graces with which nature had gifted her. Her intellect, too, was unimpaired to the last, and the closing years of her career were occupied in the compilation of memoirs, destined to see the light of day at the same period as the historical notes of Prince Talleyrand, ordered, by solemn injunction, to remain unopened for thirty years after the death of the writer. It is very likely, therefore, that the year 1868 may reveal much that is yet dark in the history of Europe during the Napoleonic period, showing how mighty events, produced by the armed struggle of millions, under the guidance of military genius, have been not unfrequently counteracted by the silent intrigues of a few bold and restless spirits. Even the Mephistopheles of the French Revolution, and arch-diplomatist of the nineteenth century, must needs appear in a new light when seen under the inspiration of the fair eyes of a German princess.

From The Economist.

*Puissance Comparee des Divers Etats de l'Europe.* By Maurice Block. (French Edition, with an Atlas.) Gotha: Justus Perthes.

A COMPARISON of the elements which constitute the power of the different countries of Europe is of great economic and political utility, and, though necessarily teeming with figures, is even not without interest for general readers, who regard books as instruments of amusement, not as supplying materials for thought. Not only does such a comparison determine the relative position of European States, but it is calculated to excite them to improvement in those respects in which they are backward,—and even the foremost among them are in some respects not equal to others of much less importance. The task of making the comparison has been rarely undertaken, owing to its extreme difficulty and aridity, arising from no two countries keeping their statistics in the same way, — from very few having the same weights, moneys, and measures, — and from differences between nations being almost always greater and more striking than the resemblances. And on the few occasions on which

the task has been entered into, it has not been well executed, on account of the exequants not having access to all the necessary information, and not possessing the necessary talents and experience. Perhaps of all “the eminent hands” who could have embarked in this labor, the most competent, all things considered, is M. Block. For being one of the heads of the Statistical Department of France, he has at his disposition the very best statistical data to be obtained in Europe, and he possesses a high reputation for his accuracy as a statistician, and his skill as a writer on economic subjects.

The publication which M. Block presents to us consists of a treatise and a series of tables on the national forces of the European nations, and of a set of colored maps exemplifying, and, so to speak, condensing, the results presented. In volume the publication is small indeed; but it contains a truly prodigious mass of information. Strictly speaking, the moral forces of a state are as important in the constitution of its power as the material; and they ought, therefore, to have figured in this work. But M. Block has thought fit to abstain from dealing with them, because he says “the means do not exist of weighing or measuring the moral relations between men and between societies, and because also the material forces of a country are an indication of its moral condition. On this point, we take the liberty of dissenting from our author. Undoubtedly the moral state of a nation cannot be measured with the same mathematical nicety as the material; but the degree of education and of crime can be ascertained with accuracy, and there are not wanting statistics relative to religion; and religious education and crime are the most important elements in a moral estimate.

Confined, however, as it is to material matters, the work of M. Block is of vast value. Not only does it fix the precise place which a European country occupies in the scale of material greatness,—that is in territory, population, military and naval power, finances, credit, agriculture, commerce, navigation, railways, manufactures, etc.,—but it makes known facts of which very few people have, we fancy, any idea. As an example of the latter let us take population: If the question were asked in what European country population increases the fastest, would not



nine persons out of ten be disposed to answer Great Britain and Ireland? Yet M. Block shows that it is in Greece, and that four other countries outstrip ours. In the last thirty or forty years the annual average increase of the population has been 2.16 per cent. in Greece, 1.57 in Prussia, 1.39 in Norway, 1.17 in Sweden, and 1.12 in Holland, whilst in Great Britain it has only been 1.9. Again, is it not the general conviction that the army in France in proportion to the population is greatly more numerous than ours? Yet M. Block shows that in 1861 we had 13.1 soldiers per 1,000 inhabitants, whilst France had only 12.6. As regards the relative positions of nations, ours on the whole has much to be proud of, but not perhaps so much as Englishmen fondly imagine. We beat all countries in the length of our railways, having 48.6 kilometres per 1,000 square kilometres; whilst Belgium, which comes next, has only 44.4; Holland next, 34.1; Switzerland, 20.5; and France only 16.9. Our credit is superior to that of all other nations, 100*frente* (£4 per annum) of our debt being worth 3,066*f* (£122 12*s*); whilst the same sum in that of Denmark, which comes next to us, is only worth 2,630*f*; Belgium the next, 2,600*f*; Holland the next, 2,500*f*; and France the next, 2,200*f*. Moreover, since 1847 we have actually reduced the annual outlay for our debt, whilst other countries have added enormously to theirs, France as much as 51.6 per cent.; Portugal, 89.6; Austria, 109; Prussia, 110.9; and Spain, 217.1. In the number of letters sent through the post-office, and which are an indication not only of the activity of the commerce but of the moral virtues of a people, we are far ahead, having on an average 1,907 per 1,000 inhabitants, whilst France has only 699, Prussia 669, Holland 492, and even little Switzerland, which comes immediately after us in the scale, only 1,630. In some other respects, also, we have reason to be satisfied with our national position. But on what may be called the dark side of our accounts there are various facts, and some of them are rather start-

ling. Thus our commercial navigation (tonnage of imports and exports) has increased 83.3 per cent. in ten years (coasting trade not included); but that of Austria has progressed 180 per cent., of Holland 189.1, of Spain 113, and even of France 88.5; and with regard to the number of vessels, whilst our increase in ten years has only been 26.5 per cent., that of France has been 39.6, of Austria 31.9, of Holland 34.6, of Germany 122.3, and of Denmark 307. With the exception of Holland we are the most heavily taxed people in Europe, our average per head being in French money 57*f* 12*c*, whilst in France the average is only 49*f* 75*c*, in Austria 21*f* 37*c*, and in Prussia 28*f* 60*c*. The expense of our army and navy is truly enormous, as it absorbs not less than 73.8 per cent. of what remains of the budget after the interest of the debt is paid. Even our formidable navy, on which we rely so confidently, is not so strong as is thought. It presents 24 guns for the protection of every 1,000 tons of merchant shipping, but Italy has 37.2 guns for every 1,000 tons, Greece 45, Portugal 39.7, Sweden and Norway 27.5, France 22.3.

We have not thought it necessary to verify these and other figures contained in M. Block's work, his well-known accuracy and conscientiousness being to us a full guarantee of their correctness. Our readers will see from them that the work contains a perfect mine of curious and valuable information on matters of general importance, and that it throws new light on many of them, or rather removes the veil by which, from a large portion of the public, they have hitherto been covered. Such readers as are not disposed to study figures, can by an inspection of the atlas obtain a correct idea of the principal results presented. In conclusion, we express the wish that an English edition of this remarkable work may be produced; and we add thereto the suggestion that each map, instead of representing different countries in tints of the same color, should have each country in a distinct color, in order to be plainer.

From The Economist, 15 Nov.

### PROPOSED MEDIATION WITH AMERICA.

THE Emperor of the French has long been most anxious to take the earliest opportunity of endeavoring to persuade the American belligerents to come to terms, and has proposed to our Government and to that of Russia to join him in his conciliatory overtures. The despatch in which M. Drouyn de Lhuys has embodied the ideas and suggestions of his master is now before us. It is understood that the project has been somewhat coldly received by both governments and that the emperor is surprised and disappointed at such reception. Russia has not absolutely declined to join in the proposed measures, but neither has she accepted; and the feeling of the British Government is believed to be precisely similar. The reasons are obvious enough; and we are satisfied that a brief statement of them alone is needed to convince the country that Lord Palmerston is right. Our desire for the termination of the disastrous contest is at least as earnest as that of France,—our conviction of the hopelessness of the war is as strong, our readiness to seize any opportunity of acting as peace-makers to the full as great;—but we cannot see that the present moment is a favorable one for friendly interposition; still less can we see that the proposal of the emperor is one which we could either hopefully or even decorously endorse and support. A few moments' reflection will suffice to make this plain.

In the first place, the conjuncture is not very happily chosen. The Federals have just collected their new levies, and are preparing for a renewal of the contest with greater inveteracy, and on a larger scale than ever. Mr. Lincoln and his friends are menaced by the return of the Democratic ascendancy,—an ascendancy which might be fatal to their power if not penal to their persons, unless they can win some fresh victories, or display some encouraging and impressive vigor. We have not received the slightest hint that European mediation would be welcome at Washington, or would even be received without indignation. It is understood, on the contrary, that it is the one thing which the Cabinet are most especially anxious to preclude. If, indeed, the emperor had waited till next March, and if

the results of the State and Congressional elections should by that time have given a decided preponderance to the Opposition (as seems very probable), then a pacific and respectful representation from the great powers of Europe would have had some chance of being listened to, and might have turned the trembling scale. But just at the actual crisis there seems to be really no opening whatever for intervention.

In the second place, it is difficult to see how the proposition of the French Emperor can be regarded as having a friendly aspect. At first sight it sounds indisputably selfish, almost hostile to the North, and not far from insulting. At least we are much afraid that it will be so read out there. The suggestion is for an armistice by sea and land for the space of six months, which are to be employed in endeavoring to find terms of accommodation. The armies are to suspend all operations, and the naval squadron is to raise the blockade. Nearly every circumstance of such an armistice must, it is obvious, tend to the advantage of the South. It would play their game almost more effectually than the most successful campaign could play it. That it would play ours as well—that it would supply France and England with the cotton they so sorely want—that it would open to their merchants the market for their wines, their coffees, their hardware, their clothing, which they so greatly miss—is only certain to render it more distasteful to the Northerners. The first operation would be, of course, by the opening of the Southern ports to European trade, that the Confederates would be able to sell all their accumulated stock of cotton and tobacco at very high prices, and thus raise funds to meet the demands of the war if the war should be renewed. It would enable them to import all the military stores, guns, ammunition, and uniforms, which would render them more obstinate and more formidable foes than ever. It would at once fill their cities with all the commodities needed for daily comfort and consumption, the want of which has reduced them to such severe straits, and was relied upon by the North as one of the surest means of compelling them to submit. In a word, a six months' armistice and cessation of the blockade is *precisely the thing—is, indeed, almost the*

only thing—the Southerners want;—and it is for that very reason just the thing which we could not decently ask the Northerners to grant. Moreover, another effect most disastrous to the Federal cause, would probably result from the armistice proposed. A large part of the Federal army would melt away, and when once dispersed we apprehend it would be impossible to re-collect it for the purpose of renewing a desperate and weary strife. The new levies, no doubt, might turn the suspension of hostilities to good account by improving their discipline and drill; but what would become of those thousands who are utterly tired and disgusted with the prolonged and profitless decimation they have undergone,—whom, whether officers or privates, it is most difficult even now to keep steady to their colors,—who, in a word, are “skeddaddling” day by day, in a fashion which makes it impossible even for the military authorities themselves to ascertain the numbers actually under their command and available for action? All who could possibly get leave and all who could slip away unperceived would return to their homes, and could never be enticed back into the ranks. All this is so undeniable and so clear that, if the proposition had emanated from this country, the universal voice of America would have been raised to denounce it as the most flagrant proof that could have been afforded of British partiality towards the Confederates and of British spite against the Union,—as the worst of the many affronts and unkindly acts to be resented when the day of vengeance should arrive. It remains to be seen how it will be regarded at Washington now that it emanates from that power which they have so long persisted in representing as their peculiar friend and ally.

Much as we should desire impartial mediation in this deplorable quarrel, in some form that would have a chance of proving acceptable, yet it is impossible to be blind to another and at present apparently an insuperable difficulty in the way. In order to propose terms of negotiation or of armistice, it seems indispensable to have distinct *parties* to treat with—visible governments with defined territories—as well as to have in our own minds something like a basis for accommodation to suggest. Now, though we know who is the head of the Confederate Government, and where the Confederate Congress sits, we do not know of what the Confederacy consists. “The South” has no boundary, no ascertained number of States within its limits. Is it to be held to embrace all the Slave States? or only those which originally signed

the Secession ordinance? or those which are now occupied by the Confederate forces? Are Tennessee, Kentucky, and Maryland included in the Northern or in the Southern Federation?—for both claim them. Must not our “mediation” under such circumstances have the character rather of proposals to two generals than of negotiations opened with two nations?

Again. What distinct ideas have we as to the basis of accommodation to be suggested? We, in this journal, have more than once sketched out a possible scheme, but is it one which either England as a nation, or France as a Government, would be willing to adopt? If separation were the fundamental assumption, the North would cry out. If reunion, on any terms, the South would repudiate the idea at once? Could we ask the North to surrender the Border States, the loss of which would reduce the “United States” to little more than a long narrow territory, lying in a somewhat inhospitable climate? Could we tell the South they ought to hand over to the tender mercies of the North their brethren in Kentucky, Tennessee, or Maryland, who hate the Federals as intensely as the Carolinians themselves? Are we to ask the Confederates to pay any portion of the enormous Federal debt which has been contracted in order to subdue them? Or, without going so far as this, how are the old debts and the old obligations to be adjusted between the North, which is the most populous and the most wealthy, and the South which has carried off the richest and the largest portion of the soil? Is the Mississippi to be the Western and the Ohio and the Potomac the Northern boundaries of slavery, and would Jefferson Davis consent to such an arrangement? If not, and if we are to advocate the claim of each State to say freely which Confederacy it will join, what prospects are there that Abolitionists in America or their sympathizers here will permit a negotiation based upon such a broadly democratic notion? Whichever way we view it, the difficulties are tremendous, and we scarcely see how we can hope to intervene as pacificators with much effect till both parties are weary of the contest, and ask Europe, as impartial spectators, to assist them in contriving a conclusion which both desire, or till the events of the war have more accurately defined the relative strength, position, and frontiers of the combatants than has yet been done.

Since this article was in type, the *Gazette* of to-night has published Lord Russell's despatch, declining to act at present in the manner proposed by the Emperor of the French.

From The Journal des Débats.  
THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

PARIS, Nov. 14, 1862.

OUR readers know what has been the invariable opinion of this paper upon the American question; they will therefore appreciate, without the necessity of further explanation upon our part, the sentiments excited in us by the despatch published in this morning's *Moniteur*. We perceive with pleasure that this document is full of respectful consideration for the United States, and that the language of our Minister of Foreign Affairs does not transcend the bounds of the strictest impartiality. The French Government expressly declares in this despatch that it desires to abstain from the expression of any opinion on the origin or issue of this conflict, and that it does not assume to exercise any pressure upon the negotiations which it desires to see opened between the belligerents. It even gives it to be understood (and this is the most comforting portion of the document) that if America sends the European powers about their business, they will submit, and be content with the honor of having made a diplomatic effort in favor of peace.

But it is out of the question, under circumstances of such gravity, to be satisfied with words, and it is necessary to go straight to the bottom of the matter. What is it intended to demand definitively of the United States? A suspension of hostilities for six months; which implies, if it has any significance, the raising of the blockade established on the coast of the Southern States. Is there any chance whatever of seeing a proposition of this nature entertained on the other side of the Atlantic? That it would be welcomed with grateful acclamations in the camp of the slaveholders, that it would be received at Richmond as the tidings of their deliverance, and the baptism of the new State, is not to be doubted. Nothing more natural. The South has never either hoped for or demanded anything beyond the suspension of hostilities and raising of the blockade; and in truth, after such a step, a treaty of peace would be a simple formality to be looked for with certainty. But, for this very reason, what sentiment can a proposition of this nature excite at the North? It is virtually not only the suspension, but the end of the war that the North is asked to proclaim. Would it be possible to resume such a struggle after having once suspended it at the invitation of foreign powers? To accept this proposition is simply to recognize in fact the existence of the Southern Confederation, and the final dismemberment of the republic.

The *Morning Post* is therefore right in as-

serting that the North is requested to commit suicide. But without making use of this strong word we will say, with whosoever will reflect a single instant, that it is proposed to the North to accept to-day, willingly, those terms which would be offered as preliminaries of peace at the end of a war, in which Europe, united with the South, should have gained a decisive victory. For what could be at first demanded of the North, after it had been conquered by Europe, other than that it should release its grasp and treat amicably concerning the regulation of the conditions of existence of the new State? The English press is then far from wrong in foreseeing that the North, thus besought in politest terms to lay down its arms, will answer simply: "Come and take them."

One of two things must then happen; either we shall retire with the refusal we ought to expect; or we are determined beforehand to impose by force the mediation which we offer in the guise of friends. War, then, with the North is the inevitable conclusion to which this policy must lead, unless we abandon it, with a regret at having entered upon it. Is such a war really desired? and have we reflected well upon it? We will invoke here no argument of morality or justice. We will not ask our contemporaries of the press, who daily preach a European crusade against the United States, and who claim for France the honor of organizing and leading it, what injury the United States have done to France—what wrong, what insult they have been guilty of towards us,—what right, divine or human, they have transgressed in obeying that instinct of self-preservation which animates States as well as men, in making a desperate effort against their dismemberment, their debasement, the loss of their rank in the world. Nor will we remark that the United States are no more holden before God or before man to supply us with cotton, than France, torn by revolution and civil war in 1792, was to furnish Europe her ordinary contingent of wines and silks; and that to give the world's sanction to such motives, as sufficient justification for a war, is to accustom man to take the life of his fellow-creature without being able to allege a good reason. Finally, we will say nothing of slavery, nor of the French flag which covered the cradle of that republic; we are aware that such arguments are out of season, that it is fashionable at the present day to smile at them, and that the attraction of a bad cause exercises the same powerful influence over a great number of our contemporaries, which the words liberty and justice had upon the hearts of our fathers.



We will then lay aside the arguments which appeal to the conscience, and, addressing ourselves directly to the material interests, those undisputed rulers of the world, will counsel those of our fellow-citizens who show themselves so eager to engage in a war with the United States, to ask themselves why England has hesitated, from the beginning of the contest, to adopt such a course: why, even to-day, with the temptation of a French alliance before its eyes, the *Morning Post* repeats that the English Government is resolved not to intervene. Who is more deeply interested than England in the destruction of the American Union? Who desires with greater ardor, and for so many good reasons the final defeat and irrevocable dismemberment of the United States? Whether England bethinks her of her present sufferings and contemplates her deserted factories, or ponders her future grandeur, and devours already with her eyes that vast southern territory, which, once separated from the United States, must fall so naturally and completely under her influence; or again, revels in anticipation in the humiliation of the American flag and annihilation of a maritime rival, whose growth has increased with every day. England cannot contain her hopes, and every morning, in the land of Wilberforce, the voice of a hundred journals ascends to Heaven to invoke the divine blessing upon the arms of slaveholders. The pro-slavery papers of Paris may do their best, they will never succeed in being more English than their London brethren on the American question.

But the passions of England are always tempered with prudence; and if, on the other side of the Channel the patriotic desire to see the United States conquered is universal, the idea of intervention is anything but popular. We cannot but be surprised that those of our papers which attach ordinarily so much importance to the opinions of Mr. Cobden, and quote him so often as an oracle on more than one subject on which his authority is doubtful, pay so little heed to his recent speech upon American affairs. Few Englishmen know the United States better than Mr. Cobden. He has travelled through them, lived there, kept up numerous relations with them. How does he treat the project of re-establishing peace there by a European intervention? He treats it as ridiculous; and I venture to affirm that he proves it to be so. He takes into account the distances to be traversed, the populations to be conquered upon their own soil; he recalls the fruitless struggle maintained by England against her own colonies, when their population did not exceed three millions

of souls; and he concludes that it would be safer and less costly to feed the workmen thrown out of employment in England, upon turtle soup, champagne, and venison, for ten years, than to carry on such an enterprise for six months. He adds, moreover, that if he were the actual President of the United States, and embarrassed by the internal discords of the North, he would see without regret a foreign intervention, which should put an end to all dissensions and fuse the wills of all its citizens in a common effort for the salvation of their country.

It may be indeed, that this supreme trial is needed by the United States. Despite the obstinate courage which that people has shown in the saddest days of this civil war, it seems as if two things had been wanting, up to the present moment, to enable them to strike a decisive blow, and put an end to it. Military talent has not revealed itself among their leaders; their Government, moreover, does not appear to be quite equal to the emergency. Philosophers who are in the habit of treating with severity or contempt genius in its application to the conduct of war, have here a grand lesson before their eyes. How much mourning would have been spared if the United States had had at hand some one general capable of shedding blood only when bloodshed was necessary, and of gaining one single victory, worthy of the name, in the place of a dozen indecisive battles. Military talent has been less wanting to the cause of the South; but it will only serve to delay defeat: whereas had it appeared on that side where is the strength as well as the right, it would have precipitated the war to its end. But time is needed to enable an industrial people, seeking fame and fortune in the arts of peace, to furnish their generals with an army really efficient and capable of serving as an instrument in the hands of genius—should a genius arise.

To these too peaceful habits, the growth of domestic quiet and liberty, must be attributed the comparative feebleness with which the Government of the United States may be charged in the prosecution of the civil war. It has hesitated too long to make use of the legitimate and formidable arms which the question of slavery has placed in its hands: it allowed itself to be lured too long by a hope that it could reconstruct the Union, without resorting to all the rights of war, without interfering, at least during the struggle, with the internal affairs of the States, without striking a blow at that institution, which after all is the only serious cause of so many disasters, and which has brought the republic within a hair's breadth of its ruin.

The Federal Government appears at last



enlightened as to the imminence of its peril, and also as to the full extent of its rights and duties; but perhaps it may be necessary, in order to stir the heart of the American people to its depth, to set in motion the population of the West and North, to throw the whole nation into the struggle, that the inevitable and tangible image of this peril be set before their eyes. Perhaps it may be necessary that the foreigner should set his foot upon their soil, to electrify them from one end of the country to the other. Perhaps, it may be, that a foreign flag must float before New Orleans by the side of the banner of slavery, for the farmer of the West to feel that the mouths of the great river form part of his magnificent inheritance, and that his country extends thus far. On that day, either the very rocks of America will tremble with wrath, or the American people will have deserved their fate, and have existed for an instant as a great nation, to show only how a great nation may fall.

But we should see without much uneasiness this supreme trial begin, and the hand of the foreigner stretched out against the United States, certain as we are that it will not be the hand of France, and that we shall be faithful, alike to the interests and traditions of our country, in offering our prayers for their victory.

(Signed)

PREVOST PARADOL.

From The Saturday Review, Nov. 15.

#### THE FRENCH PROJECT OF MEDIATION.

POLITICAL rumors which end in nothing are generally mischievous; but the injury which arises from reports of intervention in America is almost unprecedentedly great. The starvation of Lancashire is caused, not by a deficiency of cotton in the world at large, but by an absence of sufficient commercial inducement for procuring it from the countries where it is grown. No merchant is bound to ruin himself by a speculative order for a commodity which may suddenly be thrown on his hands in an overstocked market. Lord Russell has sufficiently puzzled traders by publishing within a single fortnight two official estimates of the stock of Southern cotton, as consisting respectively of two million and of four million bales. It may, however, have been the duty of the Government to circulate as widely as possible all the information within its own reach, although it may be unreliable and contradictory. Manufacturers and merchants may still be induced to encourage Indian imports by the knowledge that the American stock,

whether large or small, is at present shut out of the European market by the blockade. But it is most unfortunate that their hazardous enterprise should be interrupted by announcements of diplomatic attempts to raise the blockade. It appears that the French Government has at last formally invited England and Russia to join in an application to the belligerents for an armistice, which might give an opportunity for negotiating a peace; and as governments are in the habit of feeling their way before they commit themselves by regular overtures, it may be assumed that the courts of London and St. Petersburg had previously received notice of the project, and that they have made up their minds on the answer to be returned. At all events, the policy of France is certainly consistent. The blockade would have been raised many months ago but for the steady persistence of England in the neutral system which American newspapers characteristically ascribe to national cowardice.

Unless the French Government had been either prepared to act alone, or assured of English co-operation, no plan of intervention would have been formally proposed. It is impossible to assert positively that the assent of England has been withheld, but, on the opposite supposition, some of the gravest members of the Cabinet must have been guilty of unaccountable indiscretion. Mr. Gladstone's Southern sympathies were only expressed in the theoretical proposition that Mr. Jefferson Davis had succeeded in making a nation. Since his Northern tour, Sir G. C. Lewis and the Duke of Somerset have publicly explained the cogent reasons of policy and of law which prohibit the immediate recognition of the Confederacy. It is certain that neither statesman can have anticipated the early concurrence of his government in a mediation which would practically assume the independence of the South; and as the campaign has since taken no decisive turn, it is difficult to understand what reason or excuse could be offered for a sudden change of policy. Every minister must be fully aware of the commercial disturbance which is caused by any prospect, however remote, of opening the Southern ports. The French Government is of course at liberty to interfere, either alone or in concert with Russia; but if England stands aloof, an offer of mediation will be nugatory, unless it is followed by a dangerous and doubtful employment of force. It is true that the advocates of the South assert that the Federalists desire intervention; but nothing in the conduct of the Washington Government, or in the language of its supporters, tends to confirm their statement. If Mr. Lincoln has really invited French mediation, he has utterly bewildered

his countrymen, and especially his partisans.

An armistice, attended by a suspension of the blockade, means the termination of the war and the independence of the Southern Confederacy. If the European Powers interfere for the purpose of re-opening the ports, they will never again allow them to be closed; for the renewal of a bloody and hopeless contest would be even more justly obnoxious to general feeling than a continuance of a struggle in which it may perhaps be difficult to pause. It is also evident that the Government of Washington would refuse to acquiesce in a truce, except in the confidence that it must expand into a definitive peace. The Northern preparations have been made at enormous expense, and the ranks of the army are for the moment full. The maintenance of half a million of soldiers for six months in utter idleness would be ruinously wasteful, and a promiscuous grant of furloughs would only lead to the final disappearance of recruits who have with difficulty been attracted by unprecedented bounties. A temporary peace would be almost as costly as war, and it would provide few additional resources. As the tariff would not be altered, there is no reason why commerce should revive, nor could the sea be more open than at present to Federal shipping. On the other hand, the South would profit by the interval to sell its cotton, and to buy whatever is required for the successful prosecution of the war. Arms, clothing, and ammunition would be reduced to a third or a fourth of the present prices, and almost the entire cost of the maintenance of the army would be saved to the Confederate Treasury. The volunteers of the South could, in any case, be trusted to rally round the flag which they have from the first defended under the influence of patriotic zeal; and, on the improbable supposition that the war could be renewed at the close of a limited armistice, it is not too much to say that the comparative chances of success would be fundamentally altered. The North would be as much poorer or weaker as the South would be better and stronger; nor could the most resolute fanatic refuse to see that the principle of independence had been virtually conceded. If any further argument were needed to show that the French proposal must be rejected by the Federal Government, it is sufficient to observe that the North can obtain an armistice at pleasure, apart from the interference of neutrals, and without concessions to the enemy. By abstaining from the invasion of the South, the Federals can suspend or discontinue active hostilities by land, while at the same time they maintain the blockade. It is not likely

that Mr. Lincoln will purchase at a heavy cost a doubtful benefit which may be secured at his own discretion.

The practical difficulties of the reported project multiply indefinitely as the matter is more fully considered. It must be supposed that, during the armistice, both Federations would maintain their own commercial systems, so that perfect free trade in the South would co-exist with the rigid protectionism of the North. As it could be scarcely worth while to establish a line of inland custom-houses for an interval of six months, there would be nothing to prevent an unlimited extension of the contraband trade which is already carried on in the midst of the war. Even if the Confederate Government provisionally adopted the Northern tariff, it could scarcely enforce on its citizens the corresponding excise duties which have been imposed by the Federal Congress. A mere suspension of arms might not be impracticable; but the withdrawal of the blockade would render arrangements necessary which would be impracticable unless they were permanent. In short, the mediation would be equivalent to a recognition of the South, and to a declaration of war with the North. The benevolent profession of putting a stop to useless bloodshed could scarcely be disconnected from the avowed intention of obtaining cotton for European looms. The suffering occasioned by the blockade may perhaps hereafter justify forcible intervention; but English opinion is almost unanimous in holding that the time has not yet arrived for overruling international law on the ground of political expediency.

The reception of Mr. Slidell at Compiègne seems to indicate that the Emperor Napoleon has already settled the terms of an impending alliance with the Confederate Government. It is difficult to reconcile his new policy with his usual sagacity and caution, especially if he has stipulated for aid or countenance in his wild Mexican enterprise. Although the Northern Republicans will undoubtedly denounce the neutrality of England as more culpable than the enmity of France, even American credulity and prejudice must yield to the evidence of an unfriendly and one-sided mediation. The unexpected issue of the French Circular explains the recent eagerness of the English Opposition for intervention on behalf of the South. Its most active leader has for some time cultivated a back-stair's connection with the French Government. In the last session Mr. Disraeli held a brief from the reactionary section of the Imperial Court, and he did full justice to his instructions by protesting against Lord Palmerston's vexatious resistance to the uncontrolled will of his august

ally. There is no reason why a similar understanding should not be established on American as well as on Italian questions. Although the Emperor Napoleon has hitherto shown perfect loyalty in concerning his policy with the English Government, he, or his ministers, may perhaps sometimes think it expedient to promote their own views by the indirect pressure of domestic opposition. It may have been thought, moreover, that the English Cabinet, notwithstanding its own distaste to interference, would be unwilling to hold back when all the other great powers were anxious to impose peace on the Americans. The report that Russia had adhered to the French proposal was evidently contrived for the purpose of deterring resistance. The actual isolation of France will be excused on the ground that Lord Palmerston's obstinate perversity has checked the benevolent intentions of governments which are less immediately interested in American affairs. Intrigues of this kind are intelligible, and generally trivial; but commercial confusion is more serious than the ordinary consequences of underground diplomacy. A penny in the pound in the price of cotton at present outweighs the importance of Mr. Disraeli's contingent accession to office by the aid of either an ecclesiastical or a foreign alliance.

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From The Saturday Review, 23 Nov.

#### THE PROPOSED MEDIATION.

THE Emperor of the French is not in the habit of acting without reasons, or at least without motives. His proposal of a joint mediation must have been intended either to succeed or to produce some assignable effect after the refusal of Russia and England to concur. There can be little doubt that the actual result of the overture was foreseen, for Governments are ordinarily as unwilling as suitors to incur the annoyance of a deliberate and verbal rejection. An offer of alliance, like an offer of marriage, is merely the formal conclusion of a previous negotiation; and when an anticipated failure is intentionally provoked, it may be assumed that the usual practice has been abandoned for some definite purpose. When the French despatch was published in the *Moniteur* before the English Cabinet had decided on an answer, the Imperial Government must have been fully prepared for Lord Russell's prudently negative reply. There is reason to believe that the project was abruptly tendered at the Foreign Office without the preparation which smooths the way for diplomatic movements of importance; and, be-

fore the offer was rejected, the reception of Mr. Slidell at Campiègne was officially announced to France and to America. The Emperor Napoleon wishes either to commence a fresh course of action, or to advertise his desire for peace, and his goodwill to the Southern Confederacy. It is perfectly natural that he should be anxious to prove to the distressed manufacturers of Rouen and Lyons his interest in their sufferings, and his energy in devising plans for their relief; and yet the publication of M. Drouyn de Lhuys's despatch can scarcely have been designed exclusively for domestic purposes. The express mention of the Confederate States by the title which they have selected for themselves virtually involves a recognition; and the proposal of an armistice by sea and land, including the suspension of the blockade, implies an opinion which may shortly be uttered in language more intelligible than words. It is probable that the terms of alliance with the Southern States are not yet arranged, nor is it easy to understand any practical advantage which can be exchanged for the powerful support of France beyond the renewed supply of cotton for the mills; but it is possible that schemes for the partition of Mexico, involving the acquisition of Sonora by France, may have been already discussed or projected.

The unanimity with which Lord Russell's answer has been approved in England is scarcely disturbed by the murmurs of the professional Opposition. Mr. Disraeli's foreign politics are peculiar to himself and to a comparatively small section of his supporters, while the better and larger portion of the party is unable to understand why a dead weight of gratuitous unpopularity should be perversely hung round its neck. The English nation is not so entirely of one mind in the American quarrel as in the Italian struggle for independence; but, on the whole, it has come to the conclusion that the South will have the best of the contest, and that it is not the business of foreigners to accelerate the impending catastrophe. The resentment which has been justly provoked by the silly malignity of the North is by no means strong enough to create a desire for a rupture; and the wrongdoers are executing poetical justice on themselves effectually enough to satisfy the most unfriendly aspirations. Whatever may have been the errors of former times, England is now a thoroughly peaceable nation; and where no point of honor is involved, a general conviction prevails that war is the most unprofitable of employments. As Mr. Cobden said, it would be cheaper to maintain Lancashire in luxury, or to incur any other extravagant outlay, than to indulge in a six months' campaign. The Federalists,

and especially the Republicans, will say, with the French journals, that the fear of a quarrel with the North is a proof of the basest cowardice; but if all other subjects of national vanity fail, the Englishman may proudly boast that he is the least thinskin of civilized mankind. The policy of the country is, happily, independent of the criticism and satire of foreigners. The Government wisely declined to take a part in mediation because the proposal would have been frivolous and undignified unless it were followed up by action. The Federal Government could have had no motive for accepting, without compulsion, a scheme which was exclusively favorable to their adversaries. The refusal would probably not have been expressed in courteous language, and further pressure might have led to the war which the nation is fully determined to avoid.

The form of Lord Russell's despatch is wholly unobjectionable; for politeness, though always meritorious, is never so appropriate as when it becomes necessary to utter a refusal. The admission that the participation of Russia was desirable was equivalent to a hint that Prince Gortschakoff's intended reply was, in its substance, as well known in London as in Paris. It would, indeed, have been strange if the Russian Government, which has no need of Southern cotton, had concurred in a plan for opening the blockade either by force or by diplomatic urgency. The Emperor Alexander was probably influenced rather by obvious reasons of policy than by the devoted admiration for his person and his form of government which is proclaimed by Mr. Clay, and other American friends of freedom. It has always been the habit of Russia to court the good-will of the United States, and the success of the attempt was proved during the Crimean war. As the Northern Federation retains the title of the former Republic, and as it especially cherishes the tradition of animosity to England, the court of St. Petersburg consistently abstains from an interference which would have been regarded as offensive. In replying more directly to the French Government, Lord Russell properly took occasion to acknowledge the friendly conduct of the Emperor Napoleon in the matter of the *Trent*; and in proceeding to explain the grounds of his refusal, he complied with the rules of diplomatic courtesy, although the motives of English policy might have been perfectly understood without elaborate exposition. It would have been superfluous and uncivil to add that, independently of the

system of neutrality, there were strong reasons against embarking in a joint enterprise of undefined nature and extent. Only a few months since, it became necessary to incur a risk of misconstruction by withdrawing at the last moment from the Mexican undertaking. It might have been more difficult to pause in the process of intervention in America, if an attempt to open the blockade had been followed by a declaration of war.

An ingenious commentator in the *Journal des Débats* remarks, with significant irony, that Albion can never help being a little perfidious. Lord Russell is accused of an attempt to conciliate America at the expense of France; and the French writer remarks that it is odd that the ministers of George III.'s descendant should become the champions of the United States against the countrymen of Lafayette and Rochambeau. The censure may be more patiently endured, because it is really directed against the Imperial Government, and not against England. The art of ironical and indirect satire has been cultivated to rare perfection under the system of official warnings to the press; and it is more convenient for a journalist to find an argument against his own Government in a foreign despatch than to utter it in his own person. Lord Russell thought little enough of Lafayette and George III., but there is no doubt that the party in France which favors the Northern Federation is chiefly influenced by the belief that the United States are natural rivals and enemies of England. When the Secession occurred, the feeling of regret was almost universal among Englishmen, not on account of any selfish interest in American unity, but because the interruption of a brilliant career of prosperity is in itself a melancholy spectacle. The French theory of the balance of power retains a more obstinate vitality. The Emperor Napoleon has been censured for allowing a great power to grow up on the frontiers of France, and he is now believed to have committed a mistake in recognizing the disruption of a great power which might have been formidable to England. He is perfectly right in seeing the truth of actual events, but it is possible that his policy may be adventurous and unquiet, although it is comparatively exempt from the influence of obsolete traditions. His projected conquest of Mexico is almost the only attempt at military aggression which has ever been unpopular in France. If he extends his designs to an alliance with the Southern Confederacy, he will incur large risks and liabilities.



From The Economist, 15 Nov.

### THE ATTITUDE OF THE POPE.

"THE French Government," says M. Drouyn de Lhuys, "has at no period ever held out the hope, either to Piedmont or Italy, that it would sacrifice to them Rome and the Papacy." Consequently Italy must wait till France becomes heartily ashamed of her admirable protégé, and if we may judge by the signs of the times, Rome will very soon do far more to make the position of France disreputable and unpopular even with the Catholic world than any notes of General Durando's would ever succeed in effecting. We have often recommended patience and organization to the Italian Government as the true way both to Rome and Venice. We now propose to point out how many influences are at work in the *Papal camp itself* to aid the efforts of Italy, if the government of that country will only be true to its own cause and quietly permit the Papal See to be, as it seems bent on being, and by the law of its nature as a sovereign power it is almost bound to be,—false to itself.

In the first place, the clergy, who have hitherto been more or less allies of the temporal power, are every day deserting the Pope in greater and greater numbers in his struggle for temporal power. Of the eighty thousand priests and monks whom Italy contains, about ten thousand of the clergy have already deserted on patriotic grounds the Papal standard, and signed Father Passaglia's petition to the Pope to abandon his temporal power for the sake of both Church and State. That petition, which has just been presented, entreats Pío Nono in the most devout and affectionate language to let the two great Italian cries, "Long live the Pope" and "Long live Rome the capital of the new Kingdom," resound once more in perfect harmony and without distracting the dearest wishes of the nation. It may be said that ten thousand out of eighty thousand is but a small proportion, if seven priests and perhaps half as many nuns remain to plead the cause of the Papal Crown against each ecclesiastical deserter. But this would very ill represent the state of the case even at present. The ten thousand who have signed Father Passaglia's memorial are but the chosen few who have risked and ventured much for the sake of their

country. Among the craven acts of M. Rattazzi, few have been worse than that which withdrew the promise of indemnity which had, it is asserted, been given by Baron Ricasoli to all who, after signing Passaglia's petition, should find that they had suffered pecuniarily by it in consequence of the displeasure of their ecclesiastical superiors;—for the working clergy or rectors are entirely at the mercy of the bishops, and the bishops in Italy are almost all Papal. Baron Ricasoli had authorized Father Passaglia to send round a letter to the priests, conveying to them that if they were persecuted or should suffer temporal loss in consequence of their signature, the Government would take their loss upon itself. When M. Rattazzi came into power he withdrew this permission, and the letter was not sent. Consequently, the ten thousand signatures represent at present only those who were willing to risk much in the cause; and yet we find among the names already signed not only 76 episcopal vicars and 1,095 monsignors (i.e., canons of cathedrals or collegiate churches), but 783 archpriests, provosts, or parish rectors, 317 chaplains, 861 parish vicars or curates, 343 doctors, 167 reverend schoolmasters, 4,533 simple priests, and 767 monks or regular clergy—in all 8,942 (a number daily increased by accessions printed in Father Passaglia's journal, *Il Mediatore*, so that it will certainly pass 10,000). It is clear that one-eighth part of the Italian clergy are already not only opposed to the temporal power, but willing to incur a good deal of serious loss to get rid of it; and of course a very much larger number would soon appear to be friendly to the national movement if this shadow of doubt could be dispelled.

However, what we want to point out now is,—not the inherent force of the movement so much as the intrinsic certainty that the Papal Government will itself contribute much to aid and spur on that movement. The bishops,—who to the number of no less than two hundred and thirty-seven are, as we said, almost to a man on the side of the Papal Government,—will be obliged for their own sakes to show their zeal against the petitioners; and, following the Papal precedent, will, no doubt, institute very active proceedings against them. This course, which is certain in many cases to be followed, will only have



the effect of marking more distinctly and mischievously for the Papal See the distinction which is apparent between the pro-Papal and the *Passaglian* clergy. Already the Italian papers are calling attention to the contrast between the general repute and high standing of most of the subscribers, and the calibre of the *protestors*, who from Papal zeal or worldly craft, are writing to the papers very ill-spelled and ill-composed letters to explain that they are not to be confounded with petitioners of, the same name therein found. The more sharply the bishops mark this distinction by persecuting the petitioners, the better will it be for the Italian nation. It will soon become a popular distinction to be the object of episcopal dislike, and to be reckoned among the opponents of the temporal power. And when once this is so, we may be quite sure that the clergy will not long remain manageable instruments of the Pope, and either the bishops must give way, or the Church will risk the greatest of all dangers—a mighty schism at its very centre. Even now there is rumor of filling up the thirty-four vacant Italian sees, which include, we believe, the important sees of Turin and Milan, without the aid of the Pope, since he is not inclined to sanction any choice agreeable to the King of Italy. Of course this alone would be an act of schism, and yet sooner or later it must take place, if the Pope continues to hold out. When thirty-four out of two hundred and thirty-seven sees are already empty, it cannot be long before the populous episcopacy of Italy is mown down by Death. A few years must decide the feud between King and Pope favorably for the King, if it be only by the natural demise of the pro-Papal bishops. If the Pope had no longer any clerical partisans in Italy except in his own small State, France, even for her own interest, could hardly persist in strengthening the hands of an obstinate head of the Church against the whole clerical voice of Italy.

But it is not only by the paralysis of his ecclesiastical power that the Pope's secular sway will be rendered impossible. As a sovereign, his difficulties are daily and almost hourly multiplying. Every one knows his money difficulties. The Peter's Pence are a very limited source of income; the taxation of his circumscribed States is extremely limited also; and the borrowing power is be-

coming exhausted,—not that his credit is absolutely gone, but that the money market, foreseeing that his successor must probably accept his debts but will not accept them certainly on such exorbitant terms, tries to make hay while the sun shines, and to extort from the necessities of a tottering throne the most that it believes that throne is willing to offer. A striking illustration of the neediness of the Pope is said to have occurred the other day, in conjunction with an equally striking illustration of his political sagacity. The railway from Rome to Naples has now for some time been practically completed. The court of Rome had guaranteed five per cent. on the capital expended on the Roman line as soon as the line was really opened for work. Since this contract was made, however, the Pope has bethought himself that Garibaldi took Naples “by a railway ticket,” and that railways are naturally inimical to arbitrary sway. His holiness, therefore, is naturally unwilling to bring his subjects into too close connection with a seditious kingdom, especially when that intercourse will probably cost him at first a considerable sum. The consequence is that the Pope will not sanction the opening of the line. He picks holes in the legal case of the Railway Company,—complains that all sorts of petty conditions in the contract are still unsatisfied,—demands that certain levels shall be rectified, certain station-houses completed, and so forth, always discovering something fresh which renders it impossible for him to sanction the opening of the line. At the same time, it is said, that there was one condition which would have perfectly satisfied him. If the Railway Company could have lent him 20,000,000f (£800,000), all minor difficulties might have been smoothed over. The incident is exceedingly instructive as to the fate of the temporal power. The Pope, as a political ruler, feels an antecedent dislike to measures which promote the mere temporal prosperity of his kingdom, but he can get over that dislike—for a consideration. In other words, his subjects must buy off his prejudice against their welfare, if they are not willing to be seriously injured by it. It is the system of indulgences over again applied to political rule. For railway communication you must pay first the cost of construction, and then for the spiritual permission to make use of such a luxury. How can's

temporal rule so administered endure long? If the Italian Government will but be patient, and work out in the clearest way the antithesis between itself and its spiritual neighbor, the Papacy cannot long stand even on its artificial French foundation. As Tuscany, Naples, Umbria, and the Romagna make rapid strides towards industry and freedom, the charmed circle of Papal stag-

nation will necessarily become more and more intolerable. In twenty ways which it is hardly possible to define, the Papal Government will find its position becoming more and more untenable, — ways of all of which bankruptcy will probably be the natural outcome. Let but Italy work on eagerly, and possess her soul in patience, and the Roman Government will ere long collapse.

**MUSIC OF PORT ROYAL NEGROES.** — The editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music* publishes a letter from Miss Lucy McKim, of Philadelphia, accompanying a specimen of the songs in vogue among the negroes about Port Royal. Miss McKim accompanied her father thither on a recent visit and writes as follows:—

"It is difficult to express the entire character of these negro ballads by mere musical notes and signs. The odd turns made in the throat, and the curious rhythmic effect produced by single voices chiming in at different irregular intervals, seem almost as impossible to place on score as the singing of birds or the tones of the Æolian harp. The airs, however, can be reached. They are too decided not to be easily understood, and their striking originality would catch the ear of any musician. Besides this, they are valuable as an expression of the character and life of the race which is playing such a conspicuous part in our history. The wild, sad strains tell, as the sufferers themselves never could, of crushed hopes, keen sorrow, and a dull daily misery, which covered them as hopelessly as the fog from the rice swamps. On the other hand, the words breathe a trusting faith in rest in the future—in 'Canaan's fair and happy land,' to which their eyes seem constantly turned. A complaint might be made against these songs on the score of monotony. It is true there is a great deal of repetition of the music, but that is to accommodate the leader, who, if he be a good one, is always an improvisator. For instance, on one occasion, the name of each of our party who was present was dexterously introduced.

"As the same songs are sung at every sort of work, of course the tempo is not always alike. On the water, the oars dip 'Poor Rosy' to an even cadence; a stout boy and girl at the hominy mill will make the same 'Poor Rosy' fly, to keep up with the whirling stone; and in the evening, after the day's work is done, 'Heab'n shall be my home' peals up slowly and mournfully from the distant quarters. One woman, a respectable house servant, who had lost all but one of her twenty-two children, said to me, — 'Ishaw: don't har to dese yer chil'en, misse. Dey just rattle it off—dey don't know how for sing it. I likes "Poor Rosy" better

dan all de songs, but it can't be sung without a ful heart and a tronbled sperrit!'

"All the songs make good barearoles. Whittier 'buildd better than he knew' when he wrote his 'Song of the Negro Boatman.' It seemed wonderfully applicable as we were being rowed across Hilton Head harbor among United States gunboats—the 'Wabash' and the 'Vermont' towering on either side. I thought the crew must strike up—

"And massa tink it day ob doom,  
And we ob jubilee."

"Perhaps the grandest singing that we heard was at the Baptist Church on St. Helena Island, when a congregation of three hundred men and women joined in a hymn—

"Roll, Jordan, roll, Jordan!  
Roll, Jordan, roll!"

It swelled forth like a triumphal anthem. That same hymn was sung by thousands of negroes on the Fourth of July last, when they marched in procession under the stars and stripes, cheering them for the first time as the 'flag of our country.' A friend writing from there says that the chorus was indescribably grand—that the whole woods and world seemed joining in that rolling sound."

**On some of the more Important Diseases of the Army.** By John Davy, M.D.

If science had never known the name of Humphrey Davy, it would have been deeply indebted to his brother John. Dr. Davy has not only acquired reputation as a practical physician, but he has made numerous contributions to physiological and natural-history science. He now places before the world his medical experience, and this volume will be found to embrace a large quantity of valuable pathological research. Dr. Davy's experience is more especially confined to the army, and his papers will be read with interest and improvement by the medical officers in our public services.—*Athenæum*.

## WAR SONGS FOR FREEMEN.

We are pleased to hear that Professor Child of Cambridge has undertaken the preparation of a little book to be called "War Songs for Freeman," and it is already in such state of forwardness that its publication may be expected in the course of the present week. It will not contain more than twenty or thirty songs, but they are of the best. The words are mostly new, and many of the songs have been written by some of our most distinguished writers. The book will be sold for twenty-five cents, which is scarcely more than the cost. It is proposed to have a concert at Chickering's Rooms, at which some of the songs shall be sung; this will doubtless prove a most attractive entertainment.

We are gratified to be allowed to lay before our readers a few of the songs, in advance of the publication of the book. We are sure that they will be well received. Among them Mrs. Howe's which is a very beautiful poem, Mr. Leland's,—he is an admirable song-writer,—and Professor Holmes's, will attract especial attention.—*Daily Advertiser.*

## HARVARD STUDENT'S SONG.

(*Denkst du daran.*)

Remember ye the fateful gun that sounded  
To Sumter's walls from Charleston's treacherous shore?

Remember ye how hearts indignant bounded  
When our first dead came back from Baltimore?

The banner fell that every breeze had flattered,  
The hum of thrift was hushed with sudden woe;

We raised anew the emblems shamed and shattered,  
And turned a front resolved to meet the foe.

Remember ye how forth to battle faring  
Our valiant ranks the fierce attack withstood,  
In all the terrors of the tumult bearing  
The people's heart of dauntless lionhood?  
How many a hand forsook its wonted labor,  
Forsook its gains as prizes fall'n in worth,  
To wield with pain the warlike lance and sabre,  
To conquer Peace with God, for all on earth?

Remember ye how, out of boyhood leaping,  
Our gallant mates stood ready for the fray?  
As new-fledged eaglets rise, with sudden sweeping,  
And meet unscared the dazzling front of day.  
Our classic toil became inglorious leisure,  
We praised the calm Horatian ode no more;  
But answered back with song the martial measure,  
That held its throb above the cannon's roar.

Remember ye the pageants dim and solemn,  
Where Love and Grief have borne the funeral pall?

The joyless marching of the mustered column,  
With arms reversed to Him who conquers all?  
Oh! give them back, thou bloody breast of  
Treason,

They were our own, the darlings of our hearts!  
They come benumbed and frosted out of season,  
With whom the summer of our youth departs.

Look back no more! our time has come, my brothers!

In Fate's high roll our names are written too;  
We fill the mournful gaps left bare by others,  
The ranks where Fear has never broken through!

Look, ancient walls, upon our stern election!  
Keep, Echoes dear, remembrance of our breath!

And gentle eyes, and hearts of pure affection,  
Light us, resolved to Victory or Death!

JULIA WARD HOWE.

## SHALL FREEDOM DROOP AND DIE?

Shall Freedom droop and die,  
And we stand idle by,  
When countless millions yet unborn  
Will ask the reason why?

If for her flag on high  
You bravely fight and die,  
Be sure that God on his great roll  
Will mark the reason why.

But should ye basely fly,  
Scared by the battle-cry,  
Then down through all eternity  
You'll hear the reason why.  
C. G. LELAND.

## SOLDIER'S MORNING SONG.

(*Erhebt euch von der Erde.*)

Ye sleepers, hear the warning,  
Lift up your drowsy heads!  
Loud snort the steeds "Good-morning!"  
Forsake your grassy beds!  
The sunlit steel is gleaming,  
Undimmed by battle's breath;  
Of garlands men are dreaming,  
And thinking, too, of death.

Thou gracious God! in kindness  
Look down from thy blue tent:  
We rushed not forth in blindness,  
By thee to battle sent.  
Oh, lift on high before us  
Thy truth's all-conquering sign:  
The flag of Christ floats o'er us,  
The light, O Lord, is thine;

There yet shall come a morning,  
 A morning mild and bright :  
 All good men bless its dawning,  
 And angels hail the sight.  
 Soon from her night of sadness  
 This suffering land shall wake ;  
 Oh, break, thou day of gladness !  
 Thou day of Freedom break !

Then peals from all the towers,  
 And peals from every breast,  
 And peace from stormy hours,  
 And love and joy and rest !  
 Then songs of triumph loudly  
 Shall swell through all the air,  
 And we'll remember proudly,  
 We, too, brave blades, were there !  
 Schenkendorf. C. T. BROOKS.

#### OLD FANEUIL HALL.

*Jenny's Banquet.*

Come, soldiers, join a Yankee song,  
 And cheer us as we march along,  
 With Yankee voices, full and strong,  
 Join in chorus all ;  
 Our Yankee notions here we bring,  
 Our Yankee chorus here we sing,  
 So make the Dixie forest ring  
 With "OLD FANEUIL HALL !"

When first our Fathers made us free,  
 When old King George first taxed the tea,  
 They swore they would not bend the knee,  
 But armed them one and all !  
 In days like those the chosen spot  
 To keep the hissing water hot,  
 To pour the tea-leaves in the pot,  
 Was OLD FANEUIL HALL !

So when to steal our tea and toast,  
 At Sumter first the rebel host  
 Prepared to march along the coast,  
 At Jeff Davis's call—  
 He stood on Sumter's tattered flag,  
 To cheer them with the game of brag,  
 He bade them fly his rebel rag  
 On OLD FANEUIL HALL.

But war's a game that two can play,  
 They waked us up that very day,  
 And bade the Yankees come away  
 Down South—at Abram's call !  
 And so I learned my facings right,  
 And so I packed my knapsack tight,  
 And then I spent the parting night  
 In OLD FANEUIL HALL.

And on that day which draws so nigh,  
 When rebel ranks our steel shall try—  
 When sounds at last the closing cry  
 "Charge bayonets—all !"  
 The Yankee shout from far and near  
 Which broken ranks in flying hear,  
 Shall be a rousing Northern cheer  
 From OLD FANEUIL HALL.  
 E. E. HALE.

#### TRUMPET SONG.

THE battle-drum's loud rattle is rending the air,  
 The troopers all are mounted, their sabres are bare ;  
 The guns are unlimbered, the bayonets shine,  
 Hark ! hark ! 'tis the trumpet-call ! wheel into line !

Ta ra ! ta ta ta !  
 Trum trum, tra ra ra ra !  
 Beat drums and blow trumpets !  
 Hurrah, boys, hurrah !

March onward, soldiers, onward, the strife is begun,  
 Loud bellowing rolls the boom of the black-throated gun ;  
 The rifles are cracking, the torn banners toss,  
 The sabres are clashing, the bayonets cross,  
 Ta ra, etc.

Down with the leaguering liars, the traitors to their trust ;  
 Who trampled the fair charter of Freedom in dust !  
 They falter—they waver—they scatter—they run—  
 The field is our own, and the battle is won !  
 Ta ra, etc.

God save our mighty people and prosper our cause !  
 We're fighting for our nation, our land, and our laws !  
 Though tyrants may hate us, their threats we defy,  
 And drum-beat and trumpet shall peal our reply !

Ta ra ! ta ta ta !  
 Beat drums and blow trumpets !  
 Trum trum, tra ra ra ra !  
 Hurrah, boys, hurrah !

O. W. HOLMES.